NOTES OF A TOUR

IN

INDIA AND CEYLON

DURING THE WINTER OF 1888-89

BY

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1889.

The peepul or bo-tree leaf.
The tree is in many places considered sacred.

Tamarind twigs.

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ON BOARD THE "PENINSULAR."

Friday, *Dec.* *7th*, 1888.—Yesterday R. and I arrived at First Avenue Hotel in London from Leeds; B—e and I—a travelled with us. Dr. G—t the only other passenger in our carriage; we all lunched in the train. A—t came to see us; then R. and I went to Silver's etc., B—n came to stay all night, he, B—e, C—e and B—y dined with us. R. had bought us sweet violets at Peterborough, and I had brought chrysanthemums from Quarrydene. We spent a pleasant evening. J. and M. H—g dropped in after dinner, they had been at O. P—e's wedding.

And now we have actually started! M—y, R—d, F—rd and Cie, May and I—a came to Liverpool station to see us off; F—d, A—y, C—e and B—y came on to the docks with us, and several of K—y's people came to see *her* off.

Most of the sailors are Lascars; they have blue cotton coats, white trousers, coloured handkerchiefs round their waists, and red turbans with embroidered tops. We have seen the Lock gate opening; very interesting. Glorious weather. Moon risen. Have seen sea gulls. Have spoken to Miss D—r or rather Mrs. S—s. We have a deck cabin, measuring six feet by eight. I think we are very clever to stow away things in it as we have done, in such a small space. A. G's cabin pocket very useful.

Saturday, *Dec.* *8th*.—Writing on deck; some people ill already. Rather cold in saloons; we have meals in what is called Ladies' Saloon, but gentlemen are there; too near the cabins for meals, I consider, but the big saloon is full, and we cannot change places at present.

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M. S's grapes and chrysanthemums she gave me, very welcome. Our cabin stuffy, it *is* small for two, but not worse than others. A long lean black arm over my head this morning, cleaning window, belonging to a Lascar; I am on the top berth. Very good meals on board, so far. Several children, none pretty, all under eight years old I should think; two or three babies. Saw white cliffs when I got up this morning. Heard noise all night, half asleep, half awake. *Very* clean boat, so new, this is her first voyage. Pretty decorations in saloons. Punkahs fastened up on trial, they will be wanted, no doubt, before journey's end. Night. Feel sure a certain lady is K. W—n "that was," must find out. Quaint little children about. Entertaining to watch them on the companion stairs with their funny little tempers and ways, "Bertie" a prominent figure among them, with pale face and brown eyes. We passed Beachy Head to-day, and the Isle of Wight. Wrote letters which will be sent off from Plymouth (we are near there now, ten o'clock p.m.)

Sunday night, Dec. 9th.—Rainy in morning, cleared up in afternoon and was very fine. A bird flew on deck, a land bird, perhaps a thrush or starling. Saw a man-of-war. Saw several porpoises, great unwieldy creatures. Have spoken to Mrs. H—n (née K. W—n). She agrees with me that the worst part of the day is when one has to get up in the morning, from the lying down posture to the upright! Yes, the cabin is the worst part of the journey. A few soldiers and other passengers in the second class part of the boat; we are going to take them our magazines, when done with. Service on board this morning. Boat heaves about more to-day and we have "fiddles" on the tables to save the glasses, etc., one bottle fell over. Have been reading "Pensées de Pascal," and Stevenson's "Virginibus Puerisque;" from the latter are these extracts which interested me: "Some one has written that love makes people believe in immortality, because there seems not to be room enough in life for so great a tenderness, and it is incon-

ceivable that the most masterful of our emotions should have no more than the spare moments of a few years."

"There are some of an inert, ineloquent nature who have been denied all the symbols of communication, who have neither a lively play of facial expression, nor speaking gestures, nor a responsive voice, nor yet the gift of frank explanatory speech, people truly made of clay, people tied for life into a bag which no one can undo. They are poorer than the gipsy, for their heart can speak no language under heaven. Such people we must learn slowly, by the tenor of their acts or through yea and nay communications, or we take them on trust on the strength of a general air, and now and again when we see the spirit breaking through in a flash, correct or change our estimate. But these will be up-hill intimacies without charm or freedom to the end, and freedom is the chief ingredient of confidence."

Who is the little man with the high heels, with the tall woman who goes in a dragging long serge dress and sealskin cap, and the two dark-eyed, sealskin-bonneted little girls?

Some people got off last night, and were taken on a boat to Plymouth, amongst them, I think, was the architect of the ship. We expect to be at Gibraltar on Tuesday night. Should like to explore all the boat and walk about and examine, but I do not want to be ill at all, and as long as I keep still I am all right, occasionally sleepy and stupid and chilly; one's feet get cold. My deck chair is very comfortable. We went 360 miles in 24 hours to-day.

Monday night, *Dec.* 10*th*.—Another day gone by; made acquaintance with some of the children, concocted boats and boxes for them out of paper, one little chap informed me that he "was f'ightened he wasn't always dood, sometimes he was naughty to his little sister." Saw a great part of the Spanish coast. Spoke to F—d's acquaintance Mr. M—o. Curious looking man Mr. S.K. The long, tall woman, rather like the women in Alma Tadema's pictures, they say is governess to his two

little girls. Lovely sunset this evening. Curious life this, so lazy; much less chilly to-day, in fact it has been warm; our cabin will feel more and more cramped, I fear. The Lascars have put off their blue and white cotton attire, and are for the most part in shabby blue serge; they continue to wear turbans. There are cool people on board who appropriate to themselves other people's chairs. My stewardess is a nice little woman. There seem to be only two stewardesses; they must have hard work, as so many ladies and nurses are ill. I like the looks of the tall, slender, iron-grey haired man and the lady with him. Have seen Cape Finisterre. Band played morning and evening; the stewards' band it is. "All who have meant good work with their whole hearts, have done good work, although they may die before they have time to sign it. Every heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind;" this extract from "Virginibus Puerisque." "An Apology for Idlers," from same work, is rather *à propos* just now.

"But it is better to be a fool than to be dead. It is better to emit a scream in the shape of a theory, than to be entirely insensible to the jars and incongruities of life, and take everything as it comes in a forlorn stupidity;" this also from same book.

Tuesday.—Porpoises again. Have seen Cape St. Vincent, rather desolate coast. Bright sunshine. Colour on the cliffs. Are those buildings lighthouses or forts? Signalled the P. and O. flag. Glorious day, quite smooth now and then, hardly even ripply. Wish I could sketch and that quickly. We are going very fast. A "knot" is rather more than a mile; rugged rocks standing out from the shore. I rather like the tall man who sits opposite to K—y at meals. Invalids "picking up" a little. Sea-gulls, and are the other birds wild duck or what? Been going over the boat, second class, etc. May possibly borrow book from library, subscription 2s. 6d. the voyage. They say that one English sailor

can do the work of three Lascars, but that the Lascars don't get drunk! Sail has been put up to hurry us on to Gib. Awnings arranged over deck; they are taken down in the evening. Decks washed every morning. Things are constantly being cleaned and brightened; pity that the cleaners aren't as clean as what they clean! Pretty little black cat in basket with foreign looking man in second class. Wish I could dodge off little figures. The bride (?) is a very dapper little figure, very new, has pretty eyes; husband big, both well dressed; their name is J. J.

One of the Lascars has a bronzy red beard. Recalls to me that large picture of Long's, "The Marriage Market," where one of the dark beauties has red hair. *Afternoon.* The engine pumping goes on; sounds like "I told you so, I told you so," according to R. Been down just to see what the afternoon tea is like, not good, but don't mind, not wanting any.

Wednesday, Dec. 12th.—The Sierra Nevada, snow capped mountains, beautiful; they are getting clearer and clearer. R. so pleased; they *do* look beautiful in the sunlight; another nice day. Last night we stopped off Gib., a few people left our ship; one or two to try and see the place a little, the others to stay there. Amongst them Mr. A—d, the well-built, military looking man; very sorry to lose him. We thought it too dark for a visit to be worth while, though moon and stars were shining. I saw some meteors. Several *very* dirty men came on board to tout hotels and boats and things. Such an excitement getting the people and luggage off the ship. Quite a relief to stop for an hour or two, and the pump, pumping noise to cease. We could see that the Gibraltar position was very striking. I do wish we had arrived in the day or evening, and not at night. The lady and gentleman I liked the looks of have left. Several officers came on board from Gib. to see friends and acquaintances. One compact little officer did not seem to know anyone, but marched about alone with his neat little stick and neat little boots, looking about him.

Am not sociable, can't get into endless sort of chat with people. K—y. is quite independent of us, and seems well able to manage in every way for herself. Sent off letters from Gib. Mrs. H—n's son took two photographs yesterday of St. Vincent's Cape, I think. I should like some good views of that coast. We were very near it; it was so rugged and desolate, without sunshine would have looked very drear. Have finished "Virginibus Puerisque," and begun "Memories and Portraits," by same author. B—n gave R. the former, and A. G. the latter to take on our journey. "I told you so, I told you so," pumps away, and pumps away.

Delicious sea water baths. The supernumerary third officer sits at our table. We might be on a river, we are going so smoothly. We *are* fortunate. Appetites seem good all round. The children behave very well. Two or three dogs on board; the lady owner of one, the fox terrier, has got leave from the captain to bring it to this part of the ship once a day. One girl here reminds me rather of M—l, not much—nice face—I think she is a Mrs. F—s.

Thursday Morning.—Band playing. Another fine day. One little girl (Meggie) has just asked me if I am "fond of little children." She also asked me "to draw her a little boy, because she has two little brothers in heaven, and sometimes she feels sad!"

Various small people like having paper figures cut for them. I have a b, a, c, k, a, c, h, e; draughts I suppose. Played on the piano, at top of companion stairs, nearly an hour this morning. Stiffness of back most uncomfortable. African coast now easily visible. There are to be sports, I believe, this afternoon for ladies and gentlemen. Sea has a little more colour in it, not so uniformly grey, more greyey blue. So we steam along. It *is* a queer life. *Later.*—Been having sports, egg and spoon, and others for ladies, and plenty for the men One I had not seen before, the "chalk the mark," hanging by the ankles and heels, etc., rather a dangerous looking game. Glorious sunset behind distant Africa.

We are all longing to get to Malta in the daytime, but we fear it will be night; such a nuisance! I believe they take in coal at Malta. J—m has a friend stationed there, Captain H—z, whom I used to know years ago.

Friday.—More sea on. My shoulder still stiff, can hardly dress or do my hair; I think I shall go to the barber to-night. K—y had her hair done beautifully by him yesterday. I believe it is a new thing to have a barber on board who can attend on ladies and who has a fitted up little shop. Sky grey to-day, but the sun is beginning to shine. *Twelve o'clock.* Baggage day, which means that "luggage wanted on voyage," can be had up from below. A striking looking island now visible, called Zembra. The draughts on board are very bad. Played on piano again. The bride (?) sang comic songs with chorus last night. The bridegroom has very well made clothes, the best on board. Sun shining. We are blessed with good weather on the whole, without doubt. Have finished "Memories and Portraits." *Later.*—Passing Cape Bon. I am told that the red beard of the dark sailor I mentioned is dyed, and that dark sailors often dye their hair red when they get elderly. It is first rate, we three keeping so well, and free from sea-sickness. It is wonderful that K—y should be so well, because her three cabin companions are constantly ill; it must be horrid for her, but fortunately she likes them. She is very good tempered and is popular. *Half-past four.* Passed the island of Pantalaria. It is a penal settlement for Italian convicts.

Saturday, Dec. 15th.—It is between four and five a.m., I *think*, but am not sure, watch time is deceptive. Woke wide awake, so could not lie in my berth any longer. The ship is gradually stopping, we are nearing Malta; we are to breakfast at seven o'clock, and then go on shore. Band in companion saloon last night. My shoulder still rather painful when I move it. Had my hair done by the barber last evening. *A little later.* They are getting coal in; I can't get out of my cabin, they have canvassed up the deck cabin doors all round

to prevent coal dust from penetrating. Such a nuisance! The cabin is getting *so* stuffy and I have been up nearly two hours! I couldn't sleep, there was so much noise. Now I am getting tired and very bored. I hear the coal being shoved in. I expect they have canvassed up all other openings on deck. Such a chattering and apparently quarrelling about an hour ago in a foreign language, Maltese I suppose.

Evening.—Quite an eventful day for our sea life. We had breakfast about seven o'clock, and then went on shore in a queer boat. All the boats had little paintings on them, generally an eye and a lion, besides other things. Before breakfast I forced my way out of my cabin and saw the lovely early morning, the town standing purple against the pale greeny sky, and then there were delicate carmine streaky clouds and smooth green water—truly a lovely sight. There seemed to be a great many little harbours and inlets. As the day grew the houses stood out white; I can imagine that in clear, hot weather, the glare would be fearful. Our boatman charged four shillings; I don't know what we gave, but I believe the right charge is only sixpence or a shilling. We went to see the Armoury in Government House and saw parchment charters, one giving the Island to the Knights of St. John; there was one suit of armour that had belonged to a Spanish giant. My steps felt quite tottery after the motion of the ship, there seemed a sort of see-saw beneath one's feet. Miss M—s (one of K—y's cabin companions) came on shore with us. We visited the church of St. John; I am not sure if I saw the silver gates or not. Our guide was a bustly little man who rushed us about, vociferously chattering in broken English, and I hardly understood him. A lot of people were praying in the church. We went through the market and did a little shopping; some of the streets very steep. Bought a faldetto, one of the head-dresses of the women, not at all becoming; a sort of lop-sided black mantle hood sort of thing, all black; I did not see one coloured one. The effect

is very funereal, as so many of the women wear them.

Ordered two cases of oranges, one to be sent to Essex Villas and one to Adel Grange. Maltese blood oranges ripen rather later, so we sent tangerines and egg oranges. Bunches of flowers were being sold, mostly roses; we bought some sweet ones for twopence a bunch. We had a short drive and saw some jonquils growing. The general aspect is bare, and one wonders where all the flowers grow. One or two streets were composed of steps, no driving possible. Beggars innumerable, at church doors, in the roads and following the carriage. In a village, a sort of suburb of Valetta, we saw some women fanning their fires with straw fans or screens. No pretty faces, and nothing pretty in the way of costume. Just glanced at the dead monks in the church of the Capuchins. A tall Capuchin friar in brown, with a cord round his waist, gave a light to our guide and we went down some stairs. One monk is said to have performed miracles when he was alive, so he had to have a wire grating put in front of his body, as people used to go and take away bits of his dress for relics and charms! We saw some enormous cauliflowers being sold, some particularly fine ones at three farthings a-piece! We came across some of our fellow-passengers from time to time. When we returned to the "Peninsular" we found Captain H—z, who had come to see us. He is quartered now at Malta; I had not seen him for twelve or thirteen years. He says that Captain D—n, now on board, knew J—m very well. Girl like M—l got off at Malta. They were still getting in coal up to twelve o'clock. Great barges full of coal were emptied into the coal hold, the men on board them so black and grimy. After it had all been got in, washing and sanding and cleaning the decks took place. I have tubbed and been shampooed since, and feel quite free from coal dust. We have changed our table at meals, and have gone into the big room, near the ship's doctor, Dr. B—t. We have been passing

Sicily and have seen Mount Etna in the distance. Barber very talkative during my hair process; told me how he had been to Valetta this morning and to Truefitt's shop there, to buy some hair; hadn't got what he wanted and referred him to a woman near who might have some, but she asked too much money. He talked about English scenery and Roman excavations, and his dog and tricycle, and compared the English to the Romans!

Sunday, 16*th Dec*. Brindisi 4.30 p.m.—We arrived about two hours ago, and have been wandering a little in the town and environs. Rather handsome women, some of those we have seen; a great improvement on the Maltese, who, as far as we saw, were all plain. Picturesque cloaks many of the men wore, tossed over one shoulder. Some soldiers wore cloth of that pretty light electric blue colour, very, if not quite like Mrs. M—y's blue dress, and which she said was of the same cloth that German soldiers very often wore. Went into a big church, gaudy and frivolous looking inside, like so many foreign Roman Catholic churches are. Tiny infants were going to be baptized: they were swaddled up like cushions—in fact I think they were fastened on to cushions and then wrapped round. Saw Roman remains, Appian Way. Saw market place; great bunches and festoons of small tomatoes, and these with the gay oranges (many with stalks and leaves on) and apples, made the scene very bright. Being Sunday, the people were holiday, as well as business making. Not so much wind to-day, but what there was, *very* cold; north east. Sea very smooth, like glass, as they say. Never have been out of sight of land, mainland or islands, or both. Distant snow mountains (Austria?). Passed island of Corfu. Steering gear out of order, had to pause for half an hour or so. Service in saloon, as there was last Sunday. Passed Greece and Dalmatia. Familiar horns as usual for meals. Miss J—s went on shore to Brindisi with us. Mr. S. K. and Miss —— sit opposite us at meals, rather aggressive; had pleasant

chat with Captain D—n. The passengers from London will come on board to-night about one or two o'clock; their train does not get in till very late. I pity poor K—y and her companions being disturbed by the arrival of the stranger in their cabin. The girl whose place the stranger is to take got off at Malta; she was going to her brother there, and her fiancé was to meet her from Australia to marry her. Soft grey sky. Have got out from the library, "India," one of the Romance of History series; a collection of Eastern stories. R. seems thoroughly to enjoy ship life. I don't exactly enjoy it, but don't mind it, and we are all well, which is very satisfactory. Letters are very welcome; we have already received some on our journey. Mr. M—o leaves the ship to-night; his young brother goes on to India, he has some Woods and Forests' appointment there. There are to be gaieties—concerts, fancy ball, and perhaps theatricals, after we leave Port Said. Wish my stiff neck and shoulder would go. We congratulate ourselves that we have a deck cabin. They are getting cargo in; oranges, apples, and no doubt heaps of other things to eat. I am told this ship burns seventy to eighty tons of coal a day. Wish more and more I could sketch.

Monday, Dec. 17th. Evening.—The nicest day we have had, as far as weather is concerned, not so cold as yesterday. Yesterday was not so windy, but what there was was cold, north east. After we returned on board last night, and after dinner, two youths came on to the quay (we were moored up quite close), and sang to the accompaniment of guitar and concertina, which they played themselves. "God save the Queen," was badly done, but we liked their "Santa Lucia" and "Funicoli, Funicola." (I forgot to say that at Malta before our ship started boys dived for money from a boat; they did shake and shiver so afterwards.) Passengers arrived about 1 a.m. Pleasant chats to-day with a few men. Lovely moonrise at the back of the island of Cephalonia, which was pink, and blue and

grey, and the moon a soft creamy yellow. The sunset opposite not brilliant. Saw the island of Zanthe, where the raisins come from. Changed my book to-day for Sheridan's plays. Mr. S. K. very energetic to-day and yesterday at political and other arguments. My shoulder better at last; it was very painful last night, and turning in one's berth at the best of times is a difficult matter, it is so narrow. What a queer life it is! R enjoys himself I am certain.

Tuesday, Dec 18th.—Lovely snow mountains in Candia, which we passed to-day, lovely colours. Mrs. H—n told me she had heard that three or four hundred bags of letters were put on board at Brindisi. At Port Said the sorting and stamping of the letters, etc., will take place on the boat. Poor Miss P—r will be turned out of her deck cabin, which is to form part of the post office. Sea much more blue to-day. Captain D—n chatting again; he told me he saw most of J—m when they were both in the Horse Artillery. Sports again this afternoon. Have returned Sheridan's plays, and have a volume of Spanish stories; the library is limited. If only one had a comfortable bed at night I should not object to this sort of existence for a short time, but the berth *is* cramped. The mother of the healthy, bright baby has come on board at Brindisi, the baby and nurse having come round by Gibraltar; the mother is rather a handsome woman, good eyes.

Wednesday.—I think I have not mentioned the great aloe hedges at Brindisi along the roads, impassable looking. It was very dusty there; the aloes were white with dust. Seemed warm this morning when I came up to the hurricane deck before breakfast, but I feel the wind coldish now. The sun has a lot of power, and one or two people have warned me not to sit in the full light of it, if I feel the very least inconvenience. We certainly have had beautifully fine weather during our journey. The gentleman with Lord V—s sings very well. He sang last night, so did some others. I played. People on board are

amongst others, the two D—n brothers (the inseparables), Lord and Lady W—d, Mrs. P—tt, Mrs. H—n and party, Miss M—n, Mrs. B—y, Mr. M—t (plays organ in Bombay Cathedral, pleasant man), Mrs. R—d and her quaint little daughter Meggie, "Bertie" and his people, Mr. M—n (I think he used to live in R. Sqre., if he is the son of Lady M—n, who acts well. I wonder if he was once the little boy who said to me one day solemnly, "Why do dogs always have black noses?") Colonel and Mrs. G—e, etc., etc. Can't avoid the draughts anyhow, a great drawback to enjoyment. *Later.* Colour of sea quite changed from dark slate colour to soft bluey green, chiefly green, very pretty. I see a little land in distance; nearing Port Said.

Thursday, Dec. 20th.—An eventful day, comparatively speaking. We went on shore yesterday at Port Said, arrived there about 6.30 p.m. We dined at 5.30. There were stars and moon, but still we felt it to be not light enough to wander about in the back parts of the town, walked to the principal streets; we saw a little way off, Lady Strangford's hospital. The shops were numerous, but like shops in a dream, full of things we did not want—ugly sort of useful things all piled in a muddle together, hats, clothes, boots, etc. There were good photograph shops, and we bought some very large ones, only sixpence each; but somehow they look as if they would fade soon. For some time we hunted in vain in this street of shops for an Arab dress for R. for the fancy ball. At last a shopman said he would send to the Arab quarter for a dress, and then came such a bargaining and chattering! The man behind the counter—an evil-looking man and odoriferous, oh!—was a Greek, had been at Port Said twenty-three years; his helper, a youth, perhaps an Egyptian, did most of the talking; he knew hardly any English, but what he did know he gave out very quickly and repeatedly, and made the most of it. At last he sent for the dress, and with it came a dignified tall young Arab with his twisted white

turban, much better looking he was than the shop people. The chief shopman gave R. a cigarette, R. gave him a cigar, and then the shopman sent for coffee, Mocha coffee, and very good it was, served in small cups; it tasted frothy and full of flavour. We bought the dress, and a few other things, and then we went into the El Dorado theatre, but only had time for one scene of "Les Cloches de Corneville." A lot of noise in the back of the hall, tables and drinking; very distracting I should think for the performers in the orchestra, who, by-the-bye, were most of them women. Miss J—s was with us. There was a gambling table at the entrance to El Dorado. Such a beautiful night it was! We passed Ismalia this morning; a few trees there. We are going down the Suez Canal The D—ns and some others got off at Ismalia. What a wonderful work the canal is! In some parts so narrow that it seems hardly possible that this big ship can go round the turnings. The pilot is French, they are always French I am told; it is not necessary to have a pilot to these P. and O. boats, the captains know the way, but the Suez Canal Company insists on one coming on board. A boat like the "Peninsular" would pay perhaps about £1,000 for the permission to pass along the canal. We have changed our table again, we really could not stand Mr. S. K. and Co. Little Arab boys are running along the sand banks, crying out for backsheesh. It truly is a wonderful journey. Lord V—s is a nice boy, well-mannered. Very powerful sun, but the air crisp and cool; it is now about 10 o'clock a.m. I am on the hurricane deck, and have from the library Buchanan's "Shadow of the Sword." *Later.* Have passed through the bitter lake and seen the sweet water canal; seen a railway train and camels, many of them, where the canal is being widened. Powerful sun, air coolish. Children running along the canal banks. Lovely colours, streaks of golden sand, distant blue mountains and rocks, green and blue canal. Glorious day. Been seeing the mail bags fastened up. Here and there *very* rarely have

seen lightly made huts, and houses still more rarely; a few scantily growing trees.

Friday morning.—R. has gone to a Hindostani lesson. Colonel G—e kindly holds a class every day; they say he teaches very well; it is very good-natured of him. Splendid day again, warmer, but not by any means sultry. Had my usual morning's turn before breakfast; saw flying fish, at first thought they were sea gulls, or other birds, darting for fish. Wonderful rocky hills, so bare of everything but sand, sand, sand. We passed Suez last evening, letters were brought on board; none of our passengers landed. An impromptu dance on deck last night, an early one; "God save the Queen," was played soon after ten o'clock. Yesterday in the canal (we are in the Red Sea now), saw some dredging boats, on some of them people seemed to dwell. It was like a panorama yesterday; we softly glided on, hardly any apparent motion, saw huts, and the Arabs with their blue cotton or linen dresses, and some with their heads bound round with white cloths, either as turbans or simply as wrappers. It has been an extraordinarily good passage. The berths are *the* obstacle to real enjoyment, and one's early mornings are disturbed by the washing and swishing of decks and the chattering of the Lascars. It is awful sometimes to see these Lascars up the rigging so high, with hardly any hold. They say these men are a patient, hard working, uncomplaining set of people, but in cases of emergency, shipwreck and so on, they are frightened and helpless. I forgot to say that when we were at Port Said several little boys ran after us shouting different words, not easy to catch, but amongst them we heard "Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Langtry," so queer that they should have caught up her name. Several military men on board.

Dec. 22nd, 9 *o'clock*, *p.m.*—Punkahs set going in the dining saloon to-day, a really hot day, glad to sit on breezy side of deck, "wanted on voyage" luggage to-day instead of yesterday. Got my trunk up. A Lascar

has died, and been buried in sea; the funeral took place while we were at breakfast, he was not one of the working sailors but was ill and was returning to his family in Bombay. Chat with Mr. O—d on hurricane deck, he knows F—d, spoke of "Robert Ellsmere," etc. Lotteries about "runs" of the ship going on: the auction at present in full swing. Concert came off last night, sort of stage rigged up. A Lascar to pull the curtain cord. Mostly songs. I played once. Mr. W—d sang Blumenthal's "Life," etc. Curious egg-shaped yellow moon last night. A few clouds about to-day, none yesterday; very warm to-day, oh! our cabin *is* warm! I shall like to sleep in a proper bed. Have finished "Shadow of a Sword," and "God and Man."

Had a very pleasant little afternoon tea yesterday in the doctor's room with Miss J—s, Dr. B—t a pleasant host, tea good. Have been to the barber several times, chatty person, but he has not been gossiping to me about his customers, though I hear that he has done so to others. Phosphorescent lights in sea at side of ship. Lovely moonlight, *very* warm. Dancing going on at present moment, that Swedish dance *must* have been hot work!

Sunday morning, Dec. 23rd.—Have just been seeing the ship parade, all the Lascars and stokers (Africans) arrayed in white with gay handkerchiefs, in many cases, round their waists, bare feet and standing in rows, and then the captain and first officer and doctor go round and inspect; the other ship's officers standing near. Rather a pretty sight. The cabin last night was awfully warm; the afternoon sun gets into it and it does not cool down.

Strong breeze blowing now; rather difficult to write on hurricane deck, not at all oppressive, but in the sun how different! it has tremendous power. Just spoken to the man who sang "Life" at the concert. Ices at lunch yesterday. Sweeps go on every week day now, I have a strong objection to the boys putting in. Service

now going on. We expect to arrive at Aden to-morrow. "Buckets," a sort of quoits, is being played a good deal, the quoits are rings of cord wrapped round in canvas and thrown into buckets.

Monday, before breakfast.—Saturday night was dreadfully close in cabin, last night not so much so, there had been more breeze and awnings in front of cabin doors had been put up, so the sun did not come in so much. Two services yesterday. Big wave washed over deck yesterday. *Later.* At last dinner is over; I do dislike these long straggly dinners. We stopped at Aden to-day, very interesting few hours' visit. Saw various types of people, Nubians and other Africans, and Jews and Arabians, some of the latter with quite refined features.

Before we left the ship, and while we were away from it, and when we came back to it, lots of boys dived for money. "Have a dive, have a dive!" they cried, and "All right, all right!" "Hooray, hooray!" which seemed as much English as they could muster, except for one boy who had only one arm, "Shark eat the other! have no father, have no mother," he said. For many a long year there has always, I hear, been a boy at Aden with one arm, whose other arm has been eaten by a shark, and who does not possess parents! Much better diving than at Malta, and more of it. Jews came on deck with ostrich feathers to sell, they had curls on each side of their faces, and there were other people selling coral, ostrich eggs, etc. The diving boys were in queer canoes, with one-sided paddles, and they were constantly being upset and getting filled with water; but the boys seemed as much at home in the water as on land. Sometimes they seemed almost to *stand* in the water. Occasionally an extra sum was offered (they would only dive for silver) and the boy would climb to the boats hanging up on side of ship and would dive from those. At Malta, money was often wrapped up in paper and thrown for the divers. They shouted and gesticulated all the time, such a clamouring and

noise. We saw goats and camels. What an extraordinary place it is! Aden itself is four miles from the port, we drove there and saw the wonderful tanks, all empty just now, it is possible for one of them to hold a million gallons! A little green here and there, and at the tanks there was a sort of garden with scantily flowering shrubs, they were being watered.

Refreshing breeze, sun very powerful. I put on my thick topee. Saw women with babies slung on their backs. In the native quarter lots of small children went about without any clothes on and most of the other children had very scanty attire. Extraordinary jagged outline of Aden promontory. I wish we could have got photos of it, but we could not, we got photos of the tanks. . . To think that it is Christmas Eve! I hear that the band is to give us "waits" to-morrow morning, we don't feel grateful! We were struck with the brilliant white teeth of the people; they constantly are chewing some sort of stalk. In our boat, to and from the shore, the boatmen sang queer drearyish songs with monotonous refrain. Some of the women on shore were thickly veiled, so that their countenances could not be seen at all, others drew their shawls over their faces if we looked at them. But many had no coverings at all over their faces. Some of the quite small children looked happy, and were round and rather pretty looking. I saw no good looking grown up people. Two or three little blackies came on deck to dance, when the time came for the ship to move on one of the quarter masters chased them off, and they flung themselves into the water; their dance was not elaborate, consisting merely of walking up and down and clapping their hands. Festivities on board again to-night, games and dances, amongst them "Thyrza," which reminded me of the Mill Street sewing school girls. Am reading Mark Twain's "Mississipi," very amusing in some parts.

Christmas Day, before breakfast.—Gloriously fine as usual. Washing and swabbing decks; nowhere to stay in comfortably, not much encouragement to get

up early, but on the other hand a good deal of discouragement to be cramped in one's berth. No "waits" after all! *Later*. Quoits going on, on quarter deck. Everyone had a Christmas card on his or her plate this morning, some said they were from the purser, others said from the P. and O. Company, perhaps through the purser. Miss J—s gave us one, very kind of her. We had Christmas cake at lunch, and an artificial flower containing motto and cracker. There is a collection being made amongst the passengers for the steward and quarter masters, 2s. 6d. from every one asked; they say it is for a supper, a pity I think; it would be better to give them the money. I went to service this morning at a quarter to eleven (there had been one before, at eight). Mr. S—s. conducted it, a nice little service, the first I have attended on board ship. Have read as much as I want to of Mark Twain's "Mississipi," and have taken "By Celia's Arbour;" I ask over and over again for Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year," but it is always out. I have been recommended to read Edna Lyall's novels, but they are always out too. I shall be glad to be on shore now, this afternoon I have begun to feel bored, I have not felt exactly bored before, only stupid. I hope to have more chats with one or two people I rather like; but so often I feel disinclined to talk at all. Now that we are out of the Red Sea, we have more sun on our cabin, at least it was so this morning. This afternoon the children of the ship had a Christmas tree. Mr. D. B. had kindly provided some very nice toys, but when they were distributed he quite obliterated himself, Lady W—d and the purser doing the honours. R. is getting on well with his Hindostani. I want exercise, but am very well. In Mark Twain's "Mississipi," rather good few lines on the man with an extra good memory, being rather fatiguing, as he remembers and quotes so many details that the really interesting and important facts are obliterated and unnoticed. I heard that the barber has gossipped to a gentleman about ladies' false hair

and rouge; imagine a gentleman (!) going to the barber and gossipping of that! Life on board becomes frivolous.

December 26th.—Festive dinner last night. I am surprised there were no speeches, perhaps they will come the last evening of our voyage. The poor man near me upset the pudding and lighted brandy on the floor. The steward gently said "You pressed rather too hard, sir." Mr. —— fuming, "What, what, putting it on me?" Said the steward humbly, "I'm not putting it on anyone, sir!" Riotous games on deck after dinner; "twos and threes," and "Thyrza," "oranges and lemons," etc. One or two gay damsels proposed "kiss in the ring!" which proposal, however, was not carried out. During the evening Mr.— came to me and said that there was a young gentleman, who was in the companion saloon, who could perform on the violin and would I come and play his accompaniments? I said yes, at the same time explaining I was not a good reader, but I would do my best. I went to the companion and found a little dark man with a violin and one or two other people, amongst them rather a nice looking woman. I said to the little violin man "I can't play accompaniments well, but let me see your music and I might try some over first."

"I haven't any music; haven't you any?" said he.

"No, I only have piano music."

Chorus: "Oh: we are *so* sorry, but perhaps, you could play without music?"

The situation was really most absurd, here was I asked to play a man's accompaniments who had not any music, and who it turned out had not even his own violin but had borrowed one from the band! I soon left, disgusted. Christmas cheer evidently has an effect on sea, as well as on land.

I felt downright tired yesterday afternoon, and for the first time really bored, tried to lie down in my cabin, not the most comfortable of places. The captain allowed lights to be on deck an hour later because it was Christmas-Day.

Mr.—— one of the officers, is at our table, he talks nonsense sometimes and wants a good talking to; what numbers of different people these officers must see! Mrs. C—l is at our table, has pretty eyes, soft grey, and dark eyebrows.

Dec. 27th—Came on *very* rough yesterday. I felt slightly queerish, so did R. but neither of us really ill. I felt very sleepy, and if I could have lain down comfortably, would have been all right. Even Captain W—t said, in all his experience, he had not known such a storm at this part, at this time of year. The water came on deck, many more than half the people were ill, and only about twenty, including us, appeared at dinner. The fancy ball was, of course put off, it may take place to-morrow. A Christy's Minstrel entertainment is to come off to-night, very good-natured of the men blacking their faces and performing for the amusement of their fellow-passengers. I am getting tired of the journey. Long to sleep in a real bed and have all my clothes unpacked and arranged comfortably. It is doubtful what time we shall arrive at Bombay on Saturday: I hope in the morning. I am skimming "Donovan," by Edna Lyall.

Friday afternoon.—Arab dhows just passing, very pretty with white sails. I have a headache and have felt bored and tired the last day or two.

Dec. 29th, 9 o'clock a.m.—Fancy Ball last night, a success. R. was dressed in what he bought at Port Said, white cloth wound round and round a red fez, long coat, slippers, &c. The solemn-looking Turkish Consul (who cannot talk English) said it was the correct dress of a Turk of Trebizonde. The captain danced, and fun was kept up till 12 o'clock, then "God save the Queen" was played, there had been refreshments, supper and speeches. K—y looked extremely well, she was "poudrèe," as several other ladies were, and wore a black evening dress, I wore a black evening dress, and now and then put on my Maltese faldetto. Mr. S. K. had a court dress on; objected to take his

hat off when "God save the Queen" was played! Miss M—s was dressed much like a sailor, Mrs. J. J. as Nancy Lee. An Australian "globe trotter" looked very well as a gold-digger or settler.

The decorations were wonderfully quickly done, while we were at dinner, flags, pennants, wreaths, &c.

Our grave Turkish consul did not think very favourably of the dancing, not graceful, he thought; Well! it wasn't, it was rather rompy. Everybody seemed in good spirits, and some more or less excited.

Saturday night. Cumballah Hill, Bombay.—So here we are! *What* a wonderful drive from the Apollo Bunder Quay, an interesting time already. I hardly know what to write first. Miss P—y and Miss L—d came on board to meet us. Of course, we had a lot of goodbyes to say. K—y decided *not* to start off with the lady who promised to see her safe to Calcutta, and it is a good thing, as here are letters from E—d giving her directions about what station to go to, *not* Calcutta and so on. I fear she will have to travel alone after all. Said special goodbyes to Miss J—s, she looked rather lonely amongst her boxes, I did not see that any one had come to meet her, Miss P—r (whose friend came on board for her), Colonel G—e and his wife who was very unwell, had rheumatism, and she had a tiny baby with her; and then there were goodbyes to be said to Mr. O—d, Mr. W—d, Mrs. R—d, Mrs. M—e, (her husband, the Bishop of Bombay, came to meet her.) Mrs. H—n, the Captain, the Doctor and many more. The C—ls' big, dark servant (at least, I suppose he was a servant) seemed so delighted to see the children, carrying about "Bertie" so proudly. K—y had more lengthy farewells to make than I had, she was very popular I think. Colonel G—e told me that when he first went to India, he went round by the Cape, a six months' voyage. It was a great bustle getting off, it *was* nice, to have really arrived, actually to be in India at last!

The people in the streets when we were driving up

The Chumpak blossom.
A favourite offering in temples.

Turbans.

did interest me; the women in their sarees and the funny little brown children, and the men—everything! and such a delightfully warm welcome from Miss P—y! It *is* nice being here. This is a luxurious house, every room has its bath-room, big and cool, and there is a large wide verandah, and there are lovely views of palm trees and sea. Mosquitoes about, but I have not been stung yet, there are nets round and above the beds, of course; I have already slain six of the little, whirring, tormenting things, "Miss Kittys" as H. D. called them. There are gay, flowering shrubs in the garden here, or "compound" as it is termed. Miss P—y very kind to K—y, invites her to stay on for a time. I was told by some one on board, that Parsee women, however poor, always wear something made of silk, and the rich women wear silken garments almost entirely. We had plenty of conversation at dinner to-night about natives' manners and customs, I can't help asking questions perpetually. There are Jains and some high caste Hindoos who are immensely particular about killing insects, &c, but give next to no money for the relief or saving of their fellow-creatures. Many of the natives are very rich, they give a lot of money to build temples, they don't care to give it to rebuild or repair temples which other people may have built. Building a new temple is so much credit to them, but to repair another man's temple gives them no credit. I hear the jackals, a sort of bark scream. A little mention was made of impoliteness (not intentional, but through some gaucherie and ignorance) to some of the Katiawar chiefs at the Jubilee festivities in England. At the Portsmouth Naval Review, for instance, no carriages were provided for them and they had to walk to the Docks.

A good deal of breeze at dinner time, the tall palm tree leaves and branches rustle in a metallic sort of way. No punkahs in drawing or bed rooms, only in dining room. Miss B. S. is staying here, but she is unwell and we have not seen her yet.

Sunday morning. Hot day. Cleverly managed to get into bed last night without letting in a "miskitty." We heard the jackals: such a wild, queer, screeching bark; the crows are making a noise, they are prettier than English crows, have soft greyey-white breasts, and bluey-black backs, they are very bold and greedy, and will try almost to steal the food from one's table if one is eating out in the verandah, and will follow the carrion vultures, not only to pick up the pieces they drop, but to sometimes even snatch pieces from their very beaks.

The mail leaves Bombay on Friday.

11 *o'clock.* Sitting in the verandah; I have been drawing the chumpak blossom, a sweet-scented white waxen flower with inner part of petals yellow, grows in the compound at the top of straggly branches. Miss L--d told the "mali" or gardener to get me a big bunch. I have seen kites and pigeons and a long-tailed bird, rather the shape of a water wagtail, with a pale yellow hind part under wings, and also a very tiny bird, the smallest I have as yet seen, and plenty of little green parrots.

I have been chatting with Miss L—d, she has nice eyes and eyebrows, *rather* like Mrs. J—n's, been talking over our plans and about the natives. Both R. and I have written and received many letters.

Night. Did not go outside the compound to-day till Miss P—y took us for a drive; we started about half-past four o'clock, and were not home till nearly eight; we passed along the seashore and through the village of Mahim and the Mahim woods, so weird they were, with their great tall palm trees against the darkening sky. Every palm from which toddy is extracted is taxed, I think two rupees. Plenty of cactus hedges.

The sun sets at this time of year rather before 6 o'clock, and then it gets dark *very* soon afterwards, no twilight to speak of, and very little of that bright, whitish sky such as we have in England after the

sunset colours have gone ; there is no moon now, so the contrast of strong sunshine to darkness is very striking.

The huts in the villages we saw, were mostly composed of sticks and straw, or matting, wretched looking places, though really in some cases not worse than the Irish cabins in Connemara, but then, in Connemara, we never saw the cabins as close together, as what we saw this evening. Noticed a lot of poky shops which seemed to sell little else but drinks, and gluey, uninviting looking sweets.

Crowds of people huddled about; lots of children quite naked. As far as I can make out, the little Parsee girls in jackets and trousers are not married and those in sarees, are married ; but the costumes are at present very puzzling to me. The three great religious parties in Bombay are Parsees; Mussulmen and Hindoos. The Mussulmen hate the Parsees. Saw some small Hindoo temples during our drive.

Miss P—y is rather sorry I did not bring my camera, I am sorry too now, as I think I could have rigged up a developing place in my bath room.

Near Miss P—y's house are the "Towers of Silence," where the Parsees expose their dead, and the vultures come and eat them. A great many servants are required in India, more, however, on the Bengal side than here. The butler and cook here are Goanese (Roman Catholics, descendants of those converted by the Portugese, and in some cases having Portuguese blood in their veins).

Miss P—y's "hamal" or housemaid, (only he is a man !) is of rather a good caste, and would not touch our food, or do several things that the other servants would not object to do ; he is such a funny little man. All the servants go about bare-footed and one does not hear them come into the room. I am learning to live in public ; there are no windows to the rooms, and the doors are never shut at this time of year, excepting of the drawing-room in the afternoon which catches the sun more than the others ; the rooms are quite different

from those in English houses: earthern floors with matting over them and then rugs over that, many or few according to the room; the drawing and dining room open out of each other with many openings round them, some of which having curtains across, half way up; the hall is like a long room partly surrounding the drawing-room. Lovely flowers in the garden, the plants they are on, mostly big and with long branches, and not many blossoms on one plant, but there are just a few plants covered with blossom.

It is very often misty in the early morning over the sea, clearing later; fishing boats about, with their pretty white sails.

December 31st.—Got up at 6 o'clock, had chotahazri or early breakfast with Miss L—d; a ticker gari (hired carriage) came to the door at 6.30, and down we went to the native part of the town, to the Bazaar and to the Crawford market. K—y was fast asleep, or she would have come too. Puck, Miss L—d's dog, accompanied us, and Sammy, Miss P—y's dog, too. No breeze (the breeze generally rises about 10 o'clock) but the sun was not high, in fact it was only just showing reddy gold behind the trees, so it was not hot. We passed crowds of natives. At present, I find it quite impossible to distinguish Mussulmen from Hindoos (except when the Mussulmen are Arabs). Parsees are less difficult to distinguish. I saw at the corner of a street a sacred cow and a man passed it and touched its back with his fingers, and then stroked his own forehead.

The Bazaar is a series of streets, one street almost entirely devoted to stuffs, another to foods, another to cutlery and so on; the most interesting to me, was the beaten-metal street; the brass and copper pots were of very good shapes; we saw men making them, and I noticed one man working at an open work silver plate. Street upon street and crowds of people. It was so odd to see natives cleaning their teeth in front of their houses and sprinkling their faces and necks

with water! Some of the Mahometan women were closely veiled, except, perhaps, for one eye! but most of the women's faces were uncovered. The market, built when Mr. Crawford was commissioner of the town, is a fine building, and what with the fruit and costumes of the people, the sight was a gay one. Boys followed us with baskets, wanting us to engage them to carry whatever we might buy. I bought three specimens of fruit, a pine-apple, a pomeloe and a papoe. Miss L—d says a pomeloe is like an orange with water on the brain! I saw little M—s in the market with a gentleman and spoke to her. I had been told that the market and the people in it, were very dirty, but I am sure they were not worse than Covent Garden and the people there; in fact, the ground was cleaner and better kept, and the costumes, if not cleaner, were brighter, so the *effect* was better than in a London market.

During our drive, Miss L—d pointed out to me the toddy palm-trees with bottles in them, into which the juice exudes and makes the spirit; it tastes rather like turpentine; these trees are all taxed. We saw Goanese, they are Roman Catholics, very superstitious. Passed Mahometan mosques and Hindoo temples. Saw a lot of men with loose pieces of hair hanging down from the middle of the back of their heads which were either shaved or with very short hair on, this long piece is generally made into one plait and tucked away under their caps or turbans.

I have been bitten on my feet by mosquitoes, not much irritated at present.

New Year's Eve. Night. Mr. P—n has been to dinner, from all I hear, a wonderfully kind, unselfish man. Miss B. S. appeared at dinner, she has been ill the last few days. Saw a mongoose this morning, just below verandah, rather like a long bristly rat. This evening we saw K—y off, she had a lady's carriage all to herself, it is extremely tiresome we were unable to find an escort for her, but she seemed quite

cheerful, and people say it is easy for ladies to travel alone in India, the carriages are so strictly set apart for them. This Bori Bunder station is a very fine one, quite palatial, with marble pillars, carved stone, &c., particularly elaborately decorated in the ticket office part of the building; really a splendid place. When at the station, I saw some Parsee women with lovely dresses, one of an exquisitely beautiful turquoise blue colour.

Young Mr. M—o was off to his appointment with an uncle I think; we saw him on the platform. During a drive I saw the outside of the Kama Hospital of which Miss P—y is chief physician. A Parsee gentleman of the name of Kama, paid for the building but did not endow it; Government carries it on and appoints the officers. Money is wanted, but there is difficulty about getting it. Natives are, however, becoming more enlightened as to the best means of spending their money, and little jealousies and other causes of gifts being kept back, will, in time it is hoped, retreat before the desire to do real good to their fellow-countrymen and women. A big Fancy Fair held for the hospital's benefit a year or two ago, fetched over 40,000 rupees profit. It trains nurses but not medical students. As it is a government hospital the annual report is only to be found in Government Blue Books; people who are not told this, are surprised that they see no reports about its work.

The Jamsetjee Hospital has an endowment and there is a medical school attached, and there are some women students there; then there is the Gokuldas Hospital: these three are the principal hospitals in Bombay; the Kama is for women and children only, the others are chiefly for men, but some women go.

This afternoon a man and three women (one had been her patient) Hindoos, brought Miss P—y pistacio nuts (very nice), sugar candy, and fruit as New Year's presents, such queer, ugly people; one or two had bad eyes; ophthalmia is very common amongst the natives,

caused very often by neglect during babyhood. Flowers are a very usual offering and play an important part in all festivities; in the markets, quantities of flowers are arranged for gifts in garlands and stiff bunches and wreaths, many of the wreaths are so formal looking, as if made of artificial flowers, the blossoms are often threaded like beads.

New Year's Day. 5.30 *a.m.* It is dark, but I am up, it will get almost suddenly light about 6 o'clock; it is very curious this quick change from dark to light in the morning, and light to dark in the evening. I didn't see the New Year in this year. One generally goes to bed about 10 or 10.30 o'clock and gets up early, and the mosquitoes being troublesome, and no one else going to sit up, I thought I would not, either.

2.30 *o'clock.* This morning, after a very early chota-hazri, we drove to Grant Road station, and took train to Andari, got out there and found carriages ready for us (Mr. P—n had kindly made the "bunderbus" for this trip; bunderbus is an indispensable word in India, it means, arrangements, plans, information, and so on). We preferred, however, to walk to the caves which we had come to see, and the carriages followed us; they are called tongas, queer back-to-back sort of things, ours were drawn by horses, but many have bullocks harnessed to them. Our first country walk in India! roads very dusty and hedges too, sun powerful but atmosphere not at all oppressive. It was not long before we arrived at the Jogeswari caves which at present are little known except to archæologists and the country folk; they are not natural caves but are temples hewn from under and into rock, this particular rock seemed crumbly and soft; it was on the side of a hill, and one entrance was down a very narrow path. During the monsoon, when vegetation increases very much indeed, the jungle and scrub would grow to such an extent that I do not suppose this path could be seen. We walked under palm and mango-trees; on some of the latter we saw orchid plants growing, no

flowers. R. got one or two of them, and they are to be put in Miss P—y's garden. We saw a few hibiscus blossoms. These temple caves are indeed extremely interesting; there are images of idols on the walls, in some cases nearly obliterated amongst them Gunputti, or Ganesh (Shiva's son) with elephant's head painted red; there were spiral and straight pillars, not arched roofs, but straight, some rather nice carving here and there, but the rock was very broken, and details were hard to make out. Some natives were picnicing in the neighbourhood, some of them knew Mr. P—n, as the secretary of the Bombay Naturalists' Society; we found out that the spokesman was a member of the same society, he spoke English.

We made tea under the trees: it was delicious; Palmyra palms, like those in Miss P—y's compound are less feathery than cocoa-nut palms. It was all delightful and interesting, this visit to the caves.

We drove to a different station from the one we had arrived at. During the drive, we saw brickmaking going on, and fuel cake making; the last is a nasty process, mostly done by women and children, the refuse in the roads is collected up in their hands and moulded into the shape required, and dried in the sun; a continual eyesore in the streets, I consider. Women as well as men were working in the brick fields. We saw a great many crosses at the road side, some of stone, some of wood, as we passed through the Goanese quarters or country; lizards were often running up and down the crosses; we saw curious fluty-shaped anthills and little queer striped squirrels, vultures, kites, and many other natural objects. I noticed some houses being built, ladders or rather steps were arranged at the sides slanting wise, for the builders to go up, not straight up ladders like those at home.

The Ranee of Sawuntwarree and her governess, Miss S—r, are expected at afternoon tea time to-day; her mother is the Dowager Ranee of Baroda and the present Gicowar of Baroda, is her adopted son; she

had no sons of her own. Miss P—y and Miss L—d have had new years' presents to-day from natives and others.

Mr. P—n was amused at my saying "What a fine morning," these fine mornings being so perpetual and, as a matter of course, at this time of year; one is so accustomed to changeable weather in England that one is apt to talk of the weather. The palm trees outside make a curious metallic sort of clattering metallic sound. *Just before dressing for dinner.* Such an interesting afternoon. The Ranee came, and her governess and an old aunt. Miss S—r told me that very likely the little Ranee would not have objected to have seen Rawlinson, but that the old aunt would, so he did not appear; now and then I ran into his room and told him what was going on. The Ranee is about seventeen years old, slight and dark. She was dressed in a saree, &c., and red stockings and high heeled embroidered blue velvet high shoes, or low boots; she wore also some splendid jewellery, diamonds and other stones; when she sat, she had an odd way of crossing her legs; she did not wear the end of her saree over her head as is usual, but she lifted it over, just to show us how it looked on her. Miss S—r said that sometimes she (the Ranee) dresses herself, in what she considers European dress (gay jacket, skirt, big buttons, &c.), she is a sharpish girl and gets on well with her English reading and writing, which she has only been learning the last few months. The old aunt was shabbily dressed, with bare feet, she now and then walked to the doors opening out on to the verandah and looked out; her face did not light up with any sort of expression, she looked stupid and lethargic; she spends her days mostly, I am told, in sleeping and chatting, does next to nothing else. What a life! I played on the piano and Miss L—d sang to amuse the visitors, and then after some persuasion, the little Ranee was induced to sing; her aunt was told to come to her, and they sat down on a sofa, the Ranee singing

the principal part and the aunt droning a monotonous refrain and accompaniment, the song was a sort of hymn to gods and goddesses. The visitors were interested in Puck, and liked seeing him do his tricks; the Ranee has a lot of dogs of her own; she evidently enjoyed looking at the photograph books which Miss L—d (of whom she seemed very fond) showed her.

While we were in the drawing-room Miss P—y received more native visitors with presents in the hall, amongst them, a market stall keeper with his wife and son with offerings of flowers and fruit and wreaths, which they put round Miss P—y's and Miss L—d's necks. Our visitors drove away in an ordinary looking large shut carriage, several men servants outside, and two or three women attendants inside: all the blinds were drawn down; how dreadfully close it must have been! The Ranee was visiting Bombay to be under Miss P—y's professional care for a time.

Wednesday, January 2nd.—One is so tempted to say "another fine day!" There were mice in my room last night, I am sure, and I heard a man's voice, so weird, and he had a bad cough too. I believe he is the watchman of the house below. Some people have watchmen, Miss P—y does not: there are hardly ever any burglaries in white Sahibs' houses. Jackals noisier than ever.

Thursday. Interesting day yesterday; *all* the days are interesting. In the morning R. and I drove down in Miss P—y's brougham and did some shopping in the Fort which is what we might call the English business and shop quarter of Bombay, and we went to the Bank too. I bought some ribbon, &c.; the English shops are *very* expensive. Eurasians often serve in the shops, mixture of English and native blood: we went to a book shop, Thacker's, and brought home some books and photos: latter very expensive, two rupees each, rather smaller than those we paid sixpence each for at Malta and Aden! After the business, we went to the Bombay Yacht Club, of which R. has been made

Group of Parsees.

Group of Mahrattas.

" man " from "
atheran ".

temporary member through Mr. P—n; such a lovely view of harbour from the balcony, rooms leading on to it, all open and yet shady, a most luxurious place for a hot climate.

We saw some of our Peninsular passengers, none we spoke to, much; Miss P—y joined us there, and we had a nice lunch. Besides the harbour and boats we could see headlands and islands, and on the quay were picturesque groups of turbaned men, and women in their sarees.

The waiters were chiefly Goanese with bare feet, but not in native costume. Then there were the punkah wallers with their pretty hand punkahs, indigo coloured sort of fans on long poles, each table had one or two men in clean white cotton dress fanning their punkahs.

After lunch we went to Cook's office to see about a launch to go to the Elephanta caves to-morrow, and then we went to Mr. P—n's office; we had not time to properly look at his natural history collection, but we saw a few things, amongst them a dainty little nest made of leaves sewn together by the tailor bird, and a crow's nest chiefly made of soda-water bottle wire! Miss P—y then took me on to the Kama Hospital which, of course, I was very anxious to see; R. was to join us there later. Lady S—n, Mrs. S—n, and some lady friends and relations of theirs, were waiting to be shown over; they are Jewesses and talked Arabic to each other, some of them talked English. Lady S—n and Mrs. S—n have given beds, &c., to the hospital and always especially interest themselves in any Jewish patients who may happen to be there; meat for Jews is expensive, as it has to be killed in a particular way, so they sometimes send meat. I think the S—ns originally came to Bombay from Bagdad; these particular ladies had beautiful jewellery on: one or two were rather good looking.

Everything in the hospital appeared exquisitely clean, scrupulously so; the wards had plenty of doors, and there were verandahs; the same open appearance

that so many houses have in Bombay. Miss W—r the house-surgeon is a tall Eurasian, and she went round with us all. There were a few children in one of the wards; some of the poor women looked fearfully ill, they brightened up when they saw Miss P—y, the sad faces of one or two literally *lighted up* when they saw her enter. One elderly woman was very wishful to leave, she had had dropsy very badly and was so far cured of the worst part of that disease that she thought she might leave, but she was not really well enough; she put her hands together in the attitude of prayer and kissed Miss P—y's hands. There were pictures on the walls and the whole aspect of the place was bright. The time for visiting that Miss P—y allows, is from 4 to 5 o'clock, and as we were there at that time, I saw a great many natives squatted down near and round the beds of their suffering friends or relatives: a curious sight. Miss P—y had been told that she would not get patients to come, unless she allowed their friends to visit them at all times, in fact, in some cases to sleep with them! At one hospital in India arrangements are actually made for their accommodation! However, she was firm, and patients *do* come, notwithstanding the rules, and, in many instances, are extremely grateful for what is done for them.

When we had gone round the wards R. came, and the S—ns went, and then Miss P—y took us two into Mrs. A—n's (the matron's) room. In a sort of way, she reminded me a wee bit of R. H—y, and M. C., though she is not really like either, and talking of reminding, what is it in Miss P—y's face which recalls to me that of Ellen Terry: is it the eyebrows or what? The compound of the hospital is looked after and superintended by Mr. P—n, who works in it himself often in the early morning; there is plenty of green grass in it, at least plenty as compared with what one sees of grass in other compounds; there is an enclosure within with deer and other animals living there.

Evening, January 3rd. Returned home from drive,

did not go out before; saw Lady W—d, Mrs. H—n driving, and a few other Peninsularites. Some clouds this evening which made the sunset very beautiful, but the effect lasts but a short time, darkness soon comes on; there is no twilight. Coming home we saw the crescent moon on her back, and the ring round, so marked and clear, more so than I have ever seen it; we saw it set on the sea, it became reddish as it went down. Venus is very bright, makes a clear, distinct reflection on the water. I saw some Parsees out-of-doors saying their prayers, their faces towards the declining sun. Saw some lovely coloured Parsee ladies' dresses. Men by the road side and sometimes women too, have such a queer, ugly way of sitting, with their knees up to their chins, apparently sitting on their heels. Saw long-bearded Jews with lengthy cords round their waists. Coming back we passed through Bazaar, and heard Hindoo temple bells ring. At Festal times these Bazaar streets are illuminated; they must look increasedly picturesque then. Everything is so interesting. I have seen our "boy" as waiting servants and valets are called here; such an ugly old man, Shunan I think his name is; he is unpunctual.

January 4th, 7.30 *a.m.*—Before sunrise, and for a little time after, there is always a fog over the sea which gradually clears off; just at this moment there are tiny fleecy clouds about, but they are rapidly disappearing. A Mr. K—e dined here last night, an American, with business in Bombay; he is the gentleman who, at the yacht club, spoke of this as "cold" weather; well, it is cold, I suppose, compared with what they *can* have. The mosquitoes worry us rather now, me more than R. About a year or so ago, I am told, there was a plague of them, and thirty or forty could be killed at one time, perhaps, on an arm, for instance! Mr. K—e said they were so irritating, that if they had lasted much longer he could almost have given up his work and left Bombay; the plague ceased after about a month. Little grey squirrels run about; they are striped, and

have much less bushy tails than the squirrels in England.

In Miss P—y's back verandah, there are sometimes "dirzies" or tailors working; there were two yesterday, one a Goanese and one a Hindoo; they were making ladies' clothes; they charge about twelve annas a day. The shops now have engaged the best dirzies, and these who go out to private houses work rather slowly. Yesterday at lunch we talked a little of the municipal powers, now to so much extent in the hands of the people. Some of the Bombayites don't care for the power; they say they are not "ready" for it. Talked of the interiors of natives' houses. Some quite rich people have their houses dirty, and quite devoid of comfort or ornament. They either hoard their money, or else spend quantities of it at a time on occasions of festivities and religious ceremonies, or they spend it on jewels. Cost of daughters' weddings has often been the cause of female infanticide. In Rajputana, where there is particular strictness about whom the daughters should marry, and often difficulty about getting them married, exposing girl infants or killing them outright, was very usual at times not so very long past, and even now, to some extent, it is done. It was a significant fact that wolves nearly always carried off *female* babies, not males!

Perhaps one reason that natives are so much averse to carrying on the expense, etc., of charitable and other institutions, is that without necessarily being stingy, or lazy, or unenthusiastic, they think Government ought to bear all the burden, because it taxes them so heavily; and so they feel, "Well, the taxes we pay *are our* money, therefore, if the Government supports the institutions nominally, still *we* are *really* doing it as much as if we gave the money direct;" this is only my surmise.

Last night we spoke about noisome beasts and cobras; a cobra bite is not painful, it brings on stupor and then death, within an hour; no cure, if the poison

has got really into the system, and it works so fearfully quickly that it can very rarely be stopped on its way.

I admire the mode in which the coolie women poise loads, or baskets, or pots on their heads (reminds me rather of the way the sandstone women in Leeds hold themselves), they have a good carriage and bearing, and straight limbs generally; often the burdens are balanced on the head without the help of hands, but sometimes the arm goes up. The way many women carry their babies and small children is very curious; the little things sit in a sort of fashion on the women's hips, sometimes holding on by themselves, and sometimes being held on, by the women clasping their arms round them.

Every evening, after dinner a "boy" with noiseless feet goes to the smokers of our party with an "agdan" in which there is a small red hot ball of earth to light the cigars or cigarettes.

Saturday, 5th Jan.—A week to-day since our arrival; what a wonderful time it has been, never to be forgotten! Yesterday we went to see the Elephanta Caves. Miss B. S and Miss L—d were not well and did not come, so our party dwindled. We took Cook's steam launch. We saw Mrs. M—e, the Bishop of Bombay's wife, on the Apollo Bunder quay, she was saying "good-bye" to some people who were going on, in the "Peninsular," to China, etc., and Mr. C—e, who was not going on, and some other people we knew a little. We ought only to have been one hour getting to the caves, but the tide was against us, and we were two hours. Before starting I saw some English girls dressed in apricot-coloured sarees drawn over their heads, and red petticoats and bare feet, and there were Englishmen in same colours; they were Salvation Army lads and lasses. Opinions of course differ here, as elsewhere, as to the amount of good or harm they do; the life must be very hard for the girls, and they must be often looked on by the natives as not respectable, as of course it is entirely against Hindoo and Mahometan

custom for good girls to travel and go about with men.

It was a lovely two hours along the harbour, would have been perfect if our steamer engine had not made such a noise. We had beautiful views of headlands and islands, and curiously shaped rocky hills in the distance, once the homes of marauding Mahratta chiefs. The island derives its name from a huge rock-cut elephant that used to stand on a knoll.

The tide being low, we had to take the little boat belonging to our steamer and row with it to the stepping stones, which, I believe, were put for the Prince of Wales' benefit when he visited India several years ago. Before that, if the rowing boat could not have been dragged to shore with us in it we should either have had to wade, or be carried. On the shore began the stone flight of steps leading to the caves; there were men with chairs ready to carry any of us who liked, but we all preferred to walk, "we" consisting of our two selves, Miss P—y and Mr. P—n. Boys and girls with sticks, and flowers, and beetles, to sell followed us.

The caves resemble, somewhat, those we went to see from Andari, but are in better preservation and are larger, and the stone seemed harder. One idol was hardly injured at all, others a good deal battered about; the faces were rather handsome in a way, but sensual looking. Odd, gloomy places these cave temples! Extraordinary places. No particular carving to remark.

There was a lovely sunset, but, as usual, the effect soon went off; golden sun in a red sky, and Bombay town in distance in a blue purplish mist. It is so nice having all these beautiful sights with such pleasant people. Miss P—y is a delightful woman to stay with. We got back to Bombay in an hour, a dampish breeze was blowing; the crescent moon and Venus shone upon us.

We dined at the Yacht Club, Mr. B—t, sub-editor of the *Bombay Gazette*, was of our party and we had inter-

esting conversation, only unfortunately after dinner I was so extremely sleepy; such a bother when I wanted to enjoy and appreciate what I was hearing. Mr. P—n has been trying to find me some more words for my vocabulary of enjoyment, "soul stirring" amongst them! In the verandah on our return to Cumballah Hill, Miss P—y told us a little about Indian servants, her hamal (housemaid, but he's a man!) is of a higher caste than the other servants, he would not touch one's food or do a lot of things that the others would not mind doing. Clouds over horizon this morning; little white sailed fishing boats as usual.

January 6th.—Yesterday our "boy" brought back the tea things (we had had tea in the steam launch) and then never turned up again, he sent a telegram this morning to say he was "sick and could not come" and that he "sent salaams;" he had been drunk most of the time he was with us; it is extra tiresome, as Miss P—y had people to dinner, and our servant would have been useful.

I went with R. to market, bazaar, etc., and bargained for some brass things. In the evening, Miss P—y took us for a drive to Colabar Point, where regiments are quartered, quite a military settlement. We passed the bungalow tents on the sort of common near the sea where people live when they come to Bombay for a short time; these tents are either hired for a time or they belong to the people themselves. If there were room we could engage a tent, if we liked, and stay there I noticed some soldiers at Colabar sauntering along with dogs, and there were officers about. I think Tom was there for a short time after leaving Aden, but I am not quite sure. Mr. P—n, Mr. W—n, Mr. F—t, and Mr. and Mrs. G. G. dined here last night (Mr. G. G. editor of *Bombay Gazette*), nice people. More expressive words found for me, "fetching," "rare," "superb," "bewitching!" Excitement of Mr. P—n's gari horse, kicked and fell down, and behaved himself in an unseemly manner. A few clouds. I am learning about

things and people by degrees. Miss B. S. did not appear all day; I do so feel for her. She suffers much from asthma and sick headaches; she is a pleasant woman.

Monday.—Yesterday Mr B—t, Mr. L—l, and Mr. P—n came to breakfast, after which all of us excepting Miss B. S. and Mr. B—t started off for Bassein, a railway journey of about two hours. Saw splendid pointsettias at some of the railway stations, passed the Mahim woods (where we had had our first drive) and saw lovely distant hills. The railway carriages are different from those in England, they are arranged so that they can be used for four people to sleep in at night and to hold six in the day; some had windows of dull or blue glass to temper the glare of the sun; then there are lattice shutters outside, which in the full hot season can be kept wetted.

The sea looked beautiful; we passed salt pits, the salt is in some way extracted from the sea water after it has settled for some time; there is a heavy tax on salt.

We saw big porpoises, somehow they did not look the same as those we saw when we were in the "Peninsular," perhaps those were dolphins after all! Plenty of herons Many natives travelling, third class fares are very cheap.

Bassein is an old ruined town once belonging to the Portuguese, who were besieged by the Mahrattas and turned out, and their city ruined. Hardly anything of the houses remain, but a great deal of some parts of the seven churches is still there, and also some of the wall which once surrounded the place. Some of the ornamentation extraordinarily crisp and perfect, as if it had only been chiselled last week; I wish I could have some exact copies of it, it would help much in making wood carving and brass work designs. A lot of beautiful plants growing, with golden yellow and green foliage, not many with flowers but several with fruits (not edible); and a stircula guttata, a big rather pear shaped red fruit; some of which, half split open, showing purple

seeds inside, would make a splendid wall paper design, and I wish A. G. could have it; also I wish she could have a design from a sort of small fig (Ficus Indicus, Banyan,) also red, with big glossy leaves. We saw kites at the ruins, and white vultures. Lunch was welcome, which Miss P—y had taken for us all; Larla, Mr. P—n's man, looking after it, and waiting upon us; he seems to be a capital servant. After lunch we wandered about again to the outside of the walls and saw the beautiful sea creeks, and fishermen with strange shaped caps, and heaps of plantains or bananas heaped up under matting to ripen. A Hindoo temple was inside the ruined town and near it we looked at a man climbing up a date palm tree to place toddy bottles ready for the juice. There is always something to notice; it is quite bewildering, but delightfully so!

We reached Grant Road Station about 9 p.m., the first class carriages were all full so we got inside a second class one, and there Miss P—y met some Bunyas she knew (a certain caste of Hindoos, some of them wear big turbans, and some, hats rather like the Parsees). One talked a good deal with her in English, Mr. P—n says he has a son at Oxford. He told us he had been buying much land near Bassein, and expected to make a good deal of money out of it; he bought it for two lacs (200,000 rupees). I am told that natives here are always thinking and talking of money, and along the roads, if we listened and understood the common people, one would hear annas and pice being perpetually made the subject of conversation.

I am really bothered now with mosquito bites, and it is a good thing I have my shoes a good size, otherwise I could not have them on now with any comfort, as my feet are swelled so with bites, and my arms are bothered too; it *is* a nuisance, it makes one so fidgetty and uncomfortable.

Our new "boy" has come and is called Kanji, younger than the last man, and nicer looking, the other was a drunkard and a cheat; R. has told or will tell

Cook's people about him. Mrs. G. G. recommended Kanji.

This afternoon R. and I drove with Miss L—d along Malabar Hill, the fashionable quarter; Government House is at the end; Lord Reay is present governor of Bombay. The roads are planted on each side with trees and plants, and there are arbours and seats here and there. There are plenty of big shrubs which grow wild, but one hardly ever sees *small* things growing wild, at least I have not, perhaps they don't grow at this time of year. Now and then we came across little white faced English children with their ayahs. Before going to Malabar we visited the Towers of Silence and saw the extensive views of sea and Bombay from different parts of the gardens; we saw the outsides of the Towers (of course not the insides) and glanced at the vultures and crows hovering about at the tops, it was ghastly. An old Parsee took us about, and before leaving the grounds the mali (gardener) presented Miss L—d and me with the inevitable little stiff bunches of flowers for which he of course expected a tip. Parsees always expose their dead, and the vultures devour them, helped by the crows.

After the visit we drove to the sacred village of Walkeswar, full of temples, and dirty Fakeers (religious mendicants) and beggars, and heard dull, thuddy noises of bells and drums, and went by a big tank, it was growing dusk, and the scene was very weird. The street by which we entered down into the town was made of steps, so we had to leave the carriage and walk, coming back to it when we had made our pilgrimage; the effect on me was by no means religious, it was queer, and mysterious, and dirty, and there was the dreary air of idleness, without the brightness of rest; only one small child deliberately asked for alms, the rest let us pass by unmolested.

This is the eve of Miss L—d's wedding to Mr. S—r; he is to arrive from Calcutta to-morrow. I have been looking into "India Revisited," by Edwin Arnold,

description of voyage and Bombay very good. I have heard from K—y, she is safe with E—d. When mail boat is within twelve miles of port and is seen on shore, guns fire; mail in to-day; we receive letters and write them.

Tuesday morning.—I have been sketching, or rather trying to. There is a house being built below; women help, and carry up head loads of mortar, etc., for the men. I see a dhobee, or washerman, slashing away on the stones with clothes (ours, very likley!). These builders at the house below seem to work very slowly, and are continually chattering; though labour *is* cheap, more men are required and more time is necessary than to do such work in England, so the job does not become cheap in the end. *Night.* R. went into the town this morning and bought towels, etc., for our journeyings; a day or two ago we engaged berths for our home voyage, in a ship sailing about the 5th April. But, oh! that is some time hence! Don't let us talk of going away yet!

The wedding took place this afternoon, in Bombay cathedral, ceremony performed by the Bishop's chaplain; we and Miss P—y and the clerk, the witnesses; R. gave the bride away! Such a curious wedding. It was the first time we had been in an English church in India; there were punkahs hanging ready to be used when required.

After the wedding we all drove to Mr. P—n's offices, and went over his museum; it is hoped that it is the nucleus of a large, flourishing Natural History Museum in Bombay. I saw various live snakes, and some preserved in bottles, the live cobras with their hoods and forked tongues fascinated one, not in an exactly agreeable manner. In the yard at the back there was quite a "happy family," some native children, a cheetah, some monkeys, birds, and a baby Malay bear! We had the little bear up to stroke and pat; such a queer, roly-poly little creature! I saw a spider's trap-door, a big head of a tiger mounted, and which is being

copied by some local artist; and bird's nests, butterflies, and many other interesting things.

We then drove to the fine Bori Bunder station and saw the N. M. C. off with our best wishes. In the evening Miss P—y dined at Government House; Miss B. S. and Brodie, her maid, had started for Poonah.

Our "boy" is a Surti (or Sarati); "boys" are often of that race; they are more generally useful than higher caste men, because they will do things that the others would object to do. For instance, Mr. S—r was telling me that many servants would object to touch one's portmanteau, or any thing made of leather! He said his clerks were high-caste men, and always had a Brahmin to bring them their water. Brahmins are the highest caste, but are very often poor, and engage themselves out to serve people, providing nothing is required of them against their rules.

Mr. S—r or Mr. P—n told me also about the soldiers, being perhaps of high caste but not being clever, do not rise from the ranks at all; clever men, but of lower caste do rise, and then of course they command the higher caste men, but the latter would not deign to eat with their officers or associate with them!

Mr. S—r said it was coldish at Calcutta, and would be colder at Agra and Delhi; for the cold season Bombay is considered warm just now.

Lemon grass oil is supposed to be good for anointing one's self with, to keep away the mosquitoes; it has a very strong scent.

We are talking over our "bunderbuss." We start to-morrow for Bijapur in the "Deccan"; Miss P—y, Miss B. S. and maid, Mr. P—n, ourselves and three "boys"; it promises to be full of enjoyment. I shall carry a small book in my pocket to jot down things during my journeys in India.

Bijapur, Thursday, 10th January.—Copy of notes taken in train to-day and yesterday.

Noticed over and over again the caste marks on people's faces; sometimes lines, sometimes spots on

the foreheads, sometimes both. Saw Mussulwomen, several with veils all over their faces, and others with them up to the tips of their noses. Mussulmen seem generally to wear trowsers in the parts of India I have at present been in, and women too, very often. Miss P—y's "boy" Fiarlo dismissed and a man called Kiton engaged in his place. Drunkenness very common amongst servants, they drink a good deal at night, and are stupefied in the morning, and people say that it is generally a mistake to give orders before eleven o'clock in the morning as until that time they have not worked off the effects of the drink or opium they have taken.

We lunched at the Yacht club before leaving Bombay. On the journey passed Thana where those beautiful soft silks in pieces (like what Miss P—y gave B.) are woven; there is a prison there where carpets, etc, are made. Saw extraordinary mountain rocks in distance, exquisite colouring, water, sky, creeks, reflections, enormous goats, (domesticated). Saw rice plantations, no rice at this time of year. Coolie women with immense loads on their heads. There is a curious contradiction about the work of the natives, they seem to work a great deal in a way, and yet they get through very little. I saw hay hung on the trees to-day, it is often cut in the monsoon, but not left on the ground on account of the damp and the beasts which might get at it, sometimes it is packed in high stacks. Narel station.—Tea and cake carried about on trays in case English travellers might like it, such uninviting looking stuff! Natives selling green stuff (whatever is it?) for native passengers. The glorious Ghauts in view, a ghaut means a flight of steps, the Ghauts are mountains. Our train is going up hill, two engines are put on. We are passing woods of teak trees, which are cut for furniture and beams, etc.; the white ant, which is so fearfully destructive to other woods, does not like teak flavour; its ravages are sometimes not discovered till the article literally falls to pieces, the insect burrows inside, eating away till only the thin shell of the wood or whatever material it is,

remains. We see people at the stations picturesquely attired, there are often little girls in tiny jackets and long skirts.

Khandala Station, top of the Ghauts.—Miss P—y has been speaking to native acquaintances, Mussulmen. Glorious scenery, great deep gorges and woods and torrent beds, these last quite dry now, but in the monsoon, water would be pouring and rushing down; there are steep precipices, very fine altogether. Our train has been winding up a wonderful piece of railway. Several private bungalows at Khandala; being only about four hours' rail from Bombay, it is one of the favourite places to come to for change of air. Panthers are to be found in this district, and occasionally tigers; I wish I could see some. A lady sleeping alone in a tent, a sort of dependance of a bungalow, had a small dog on her bed, in the night she woke up and by moonlight saw a panther looking at it; fortunately, there were mosquito curtains round her bed. She "shooed" and it went but only to come back; she shooed again, and then hurriedly got up carrying her dog, and rushed across to the house. It might have been a horrid business; dogs attract the panthers, and no one ought to go out after dark with a small dog in wild districts, and it is as well to have nets or matting across the always open doorways.

Brick making going on I have seen, primitive way of doing it, the wet stuff being mixed and then stamped on by the men; women help. Llanowlee station.—Name reminds me of Welsh places. Karlee caves are not far from here, Buddhist temple caves. We stopped at Tulligawn Station, picked up Miss B. S. and maid at Poonah, and we all dined at the station. Now is coming large, extensive flat plain; we four women slept together in a carriage; we changed trains at Hotgee, and had coffee there about four o'clock in the morning. The times are puzzling, Bombay time different from Madras and other Indian time. Indee Road Station.—Sun has risen. Barjory or millet planta-

tions, fed with dew now, no rain. Natives are wrapped round their necks and heads with shawls and what look like towels, to protect them from the early morning air. Nunbal Station.—Beautiful blue convolvulus; the flowers at stations often plentiful.

King crows are a smaller sort of crow, with divided tails; bright, perky little birds. I see men standing in the fields frightening away the birds with stones slung from cord slings. R. has seen a bustard. Plenty of mosques we are seeing now; we are nearing Bijapur. Oh! it is *so so* dusty, *the* drawback of our journey, this dust: end of journey notes.

Dak Bungalow.—No hotel in Bijapur, visitors use the dak bungalow. Every person pays a rupee for his or her footing, as it were, to government, and then they either use their own food or if there is a messman he will very likely provide meals at so much; he keeps this money himself but he is restricted by law as to how much he may charge.

This particular dak bungalow was originally a mosque, now partitioned off into rooms, difficult to describe; the wall divisions do not go up to the ceiling, so one can hear very much of what goes on in all the rooms, the ceiling very lofty. Miss P—y brought food, Mr. P—n wine; we have had a good breakfast, and the always welcome baths! Opposite *our* mosque is a great domed building containing tombs; (Mahmoud's mausoleum, the internal area of which is 18,225 square feet, and the dome 124 feet in diameter!) there will be lots to explore. It is very hot. Green parrots are flying about, R. has just brought in some of their feathers dropped on the ground. The width of the Tomb Dome is wider they say, than any other dome in the world; not higher. Our bungalow is near the railway station, so we walked here, sending our luggage in tongas. Rumour of Brodie's, that there are N. Hs. in this bungalow! I shan't sleep in the beds, the bedsteads are wooden.

2 o'clock. Just been over the Tomb in front of our

mosque, it was erected by Sultan Mahmoud for himself and wife, &c.; there were six tombs inside, we went up to the top of one of the minarets within; from the ground more than 150 steps. Inside at the top of the Dome, there is a whispering gallery, like that of St. Paul's only more marked, and there are one or two repetitions of the echo. At the bottom, on the floor of the building, the notes of a chord, however softly sung, are echoed in the distance, blending into delicious harmony.

Friday.—We drove yesterday afternoon to see mosques. Bijapur was once an important Mahometan city; the houses are in ruins mostly, though people live in them, but several of the best mosques are not allowed to fall now, government looks after them. In one or two we saw, there were coloured tiled designs and lattice-stone sort of work, the latter extremely pretty, designs varied, not much carving, but what there was, good, and generally over the arches; considering size of buildings, very little ornamentation. Pigeons and parrots flying about. We passed what they call the Sweeper's Gateway or Mehtar Mahal, the legend about it is as follows:

The Sultan was very ill, and he said if he got well he would give a certain large sum of money to the first person he should see after his recovery. He did get well, and the person he met was a poor sweeper, to whom he gave the sum promised, and who built this gateway with it.

We visited an old palace, once belonging to the Sultans of the place, there was inlaid work and there were remains of fresco pictures of figures on the walls; could not have been Mahometan, as orthodox Mussulmen do not allow pictures of the human or animal figure. There was a large tank near the palace, and we saw the moat and gate of the city and the guards' overlooking place. We went into the school near the market, the boys were learning the geography of Asia; the map was of English make, the

We lodged in this Mosque.

Mausoleum opposite to the Mosque where we lodged.

schoolmaster seemed very pleased to see us, and chairs were brought for us and the boys were examined; there were no seats for them, they were either standing or else "bitoing," *i.e.*, sitting on their heels in the approved native fashion, extremely difficult for an Englishman to imitate! R. wrote our names in the visiting book, and then we exchanged salaams and left. Near the school was a small tank with steps leading down to it, and a path on the wall round; women and children were coming up and down the steps, a picturesque sight in the late afternoon light.

Lovely moonshiny evening. We went into the Tomb after dinner, and very mysterious it looked; outside, the Dome appeared like a great pale moon come to earth, and inside we seemed within the moon and surrounded by the moon, an indescribable effect!

Afternoon.—This morning we breakfasted at 7 o'clock, I slept in the long chair very comfortably. Miss B. S. took tonga to old palace to sketch; the rest of us walked along the parched ground (hardly any green grass) through cactus and prickly pear plants, or rather between them, impossible to walk through them! Passed ruin after ruin: saw a dear little mosque, so well proportioned, arches, and views through them, and then we came on a cavalcade of prisoners, their costume a dark coat with yellowish stripes, white turban, short trousers and looseish iron shackles. There were plenty of guards, but very few of them were armed with anything but sticks. The foot-guards were dressed in brown suit, red turban, and red band round waist.

There is a saying that "the palm's feet are in the water and its head in the fire," there are no palms here, not enough moisture. View of one ruin actually reminded me rather of Tintern Abbey! Of course, as a rule, these Mahomedan palace, mosque, and tomb ruins are nothing like English architecture. People all look very poor; small children often wear a queer little cap, sometimes the cap has a sort of curtain or short mantle attached, such odd little creatures! Many go

about completely naked, with perhaps a bangle on foot and ankle! The sarees are very picturesquely worn, and are not tucked up between the legs as the poor, common women wear them in Bombay.

Have had pleasant chats with Mr. P—n. Old sayings "a smile in the face of your brother is charity," "removing a stone from your neighbour's way is charity."

Bedtime.—Been into Tomb again, and Miss B. S. hummed the notes for the echo, then we went to the roof of this mosque. Moon more than half now; oh! what lovely nights these are.

January 12th, midday.—Just returned from walk and drive. To tomb, built by Ibrahim, with mosque opposite. I tried to sketch, and consequently remember what I saw better than if I had not tried, but, of course, the sketches are nothing like the originals. Trying to draw things stamps them on one's memory and one finds details and points in them one would not otherwise have found. We drove back along a very shady road, tamarind trees meeting overhead, we joked R. about "my gun," he likes finding out things, and about the old guns he has been discovering.

I picked up more information about natives' customs and ways; Purdah women are those who do not show themselves in public, but are, as it were, behind the purdah, purdah meaning curtain. "Poojah" is worship, "doing poojah" is worshipping.

Saw several sorts of lovely birds; bee-eaters are bright green, small, with long beaks; minars are soft hued birds, reminding us, in shape, rather of starlings. We passed the collector's bungalow and saw the citadel with wonderfully fine arch, and we saw a road being made; roads are fairly good here, but very dusty, of course, oh! how dusty we are, when we return from our explorings! We found some porcupine quills. Saw trellis-work sort of windows in one of the mosques, formed by letters of the Koran. A "devil" man passed us in the village with a whip in his hand, he

wore necklaces of cowries; a "devil" man goes about in villages, and if he is paid well, will what is called chase the devils away! I suppose he screams and yells and cracks his whip, or something of the sort: I should like to see the ceremony. Saw three very queerly dressed, wild-looking women, with full skirts and all sorts of odd decorations on their bodies. heavy necklaces, armlets, &c., perhaps village nautch girls. Mr. P—n was not with me when I saw them, or no doubt he could have told me what they were.

Evening, 12*th*.—Chat at tiffin about mission work, we often get on to that subject, I have seen nothing of it at present; shall call at Delhi on Mr. A—t (friend of Mr. T. B.) of the Cambridge University mission, and on Mr. A. C—d (M. C's brother) at Calcutta.

Chat after lunch at the top of the mosque with Miss P—y and Mr. P—n, about religions chiefly; Mr. P—n read some of the Dagonet ballads.

This afternoon (between lunch and afternoon tea at 4 o'clock, we rest) we revisited the mosque; we first saw the Jumna Musjid which, though not completely finished, is considered one of the finest mosques in India, many of the floors are made of chunam, a sort of lime and concrete; also used for walls. I saw rather a pretty polypody fern sort of design for border of one of the windows. Device or design of a chain in the mosques constantly repeated; I don't know what it means.

Babies are very often black underneath and round their eyes, caused by their being painted with sulphite of antimony to keep off ophthalmia and flies; it makes their eyes look enormous. Diseases of the eye are very frequent, occasioned chiefly by neglect, generally during babyhood. Miss L—d told me that at the dispensary in Bombay she had had such trouble in trying to enforce on mothers the necessity of keeping their infants' eyes clean: she offered to wash them herself if they were brought to her every day.

The women here have a very good carriage, it is

quite a pleasure to see them walk; they are able sometimes not only to carry small children on their hips, but pots on their heads, and they go barefooted with firm tread and upright bearing.

Further on we drove, and walked on to the top of part of the old wall where was the Maliki Maidan, or lord of the plain, a big old cannon with an elephant shape cast upon it, a tiny fire was burning in front of it, which meant that someone was doing poojah to it; not far from it were grotesque looking figures carved on the wall, might be meant for tigers. A good view of the Ibrahim Rosa and mosque from the cannon, and Miss B. S. must come and sketch.

In Bijapur about 25 inches of rain fall in the year, in Bombay the rainfall averages 60 to 100 inches! There is a Jubilee school near the cannon; Jubilee sugar-basins and jugs, 1837-87, are in plenty at refreshment rooms, &c.

Sunday, midday, January 13th.—We drove this morning to the top of the wall near the Maliki Maidan and Miss B. S. and I and the not-to-be-dispensed-with Brodie, sat there for some time, the others wandered off for fresh finds. We drove back through bazaar and bought some little caps and jackets, such as the children wear. In the bazaar there were queerly dressed women like those I saw the other day and thought might be nautch girls; they are "jungle" women, and come into the village selling wood, which they carry on their heads; their ornaments looked so heavy and uncomfortable, and their clothes looked weighty too. Some of their decorations, made of shells and coarse metal, were fastened on to tails of their tangled hair and hung down on each side of their faces; compared with them, the Bijapur women looked quite educated and conventional members of society. We saw a little Bijapur girl, with a big waistband and buckle of silver, and gold ornaments in her hair, and, of course, bangles at ankle and wrist. Children are sometimes caught wandering alone, robbed of their bangles,

killed, and their bodies thrown into holes or wells. No disagreeable insects in bungalow after all!

Night, January 13th.—This afternoon Dr. Peters called, he is the government doctor of the hospital here, (a converted Hindoo married to a Parsee lady); and we went with him to see the hospital; he drove in his bullock carriage; they are such queer-looking things, the two bullocks have a heavy wooden yoke above their necks pressing them down, it gives them a fatigued appearance.

The hospital walls were bare, and there was not nearly the same amount of exquisiteness about it as at the Kama Hospital, but it seemed clean and well managed; it is for men, women and children. We saw some of the patients, one of which was a girl who had been found under a heap of stones with a cord tied round her neck in a state of strangulation and all her bangles stolen from her; then there was a little boy who had been seriously injured by the shaft of a bullock cart, broad, honest, little face he had; by his side was his little sister lying on her mat "to keep him company." This led to the information being again given to us that in several hospitals in India patients expect their friends to be allowed, not only to visit them during the day, but to sleep in the wards at night; and to be deprived of their relations, except at strict regulation hours, is a discipline that has to be taught them. The last patient we saw was a poor lunatic alone in a cell, guarded by six soldiers. Then we went to the annexe of the hospital, where only women are admitted and for special illnesses. For some time no women could be persuaded to enter, as a rumour had got wind that the Queen Empress was very ill with cholera in England, and that if they went into this part of the institution they would be sacrificed to cause her recovery! However, such a belief was waning when we paid our visit, and the pleasant lady acting as matron told us of several sufferers who had derived benefit there. We saw some of the pupil

nurses, native women (who get five rupees a month and keep themselves!) on whom it is rather difficult to impress the fact that cleanliness, tidiness, and sanitary arrangements are as important in their way as medicine and surgical operations. We were introduced to the native secretary, and then went to the judge's quarters. (Miss B. S. had gone to see Mrs. Peters.) The judge, Mr. H. D., lives in an enormous palace, once the abode of the sultan's harem. A Mr. D—w, a sub, was with him; we had afternoon tea and then we climbed the stairs and got to the roof of the house, quite a broad terrace and floor; and we saw the sun set and the moon rise, and looked over the plain studded with mosques and mausoleums; it was indeed a beautiful sight, and the stars too were so bright. Now that there is the moon, we never have any darkness.

The palace is enormous, containing forty or fifty rooms; we had afternoon tea in the great entrance hall, no doors on to the verandah balcony, all open. One is getting used to this living in public. Beautiful green trees and shrubs just outside; I should like to stay a day or two in this harem house. Driving back I noticed the little stone ovens at the doors of the natives' dwellings, and the big, heavy wheels of the carts, looking as if they were made of stone as well as wood, but it can't be so. R. brought back this morning after his wanderings a little, green parrot, evidently very ill; a cage has been found for it, and it is receiving the attentions of the "boys."

"Tara," a novel by Colonel Meadows Taylor, is founded on Bijapur and neighbourhood, so is his "A Noble Queen."

14*th*, *midday*.—We had a longer drive than usual this morning, saw strings of camels, and millet or barjory fields. We drove through a town called Narespur to Torvi, where are the remains of an aqueduct constructed by Ali Adil Shah in old times, to supply Bijapur and surrounding districts with water. Miss

B. S. found a small Hindoo temple to sketch, and the rest of us went exploring. We had lunch under some fine ruins, and watched some men slinging their "cownees." I bought one for remembrance, but in one's own hands it is only a common-place piece of rope, rather wider in one part than another. The attitude of slinging stones out of this cownee is a graceful one, and if the slinger has a lithe, slender figure like one we saw to-day, it is very pretty to watch. Near the ruins was a field of tall millet, we sat at the edge of it. These excursions are so enjoyable, the general colour delights us; the avenues of tamarind and other trees, the bright birds, parrots, green little bee-eaters, purple-brown minars, metallicly-blue jays, the gay raiment of the people, and the clear blue sky as a background to all, provide for us daily a feast of colour.

In the afternoon some men came with bundles of sarees for us to look at, some had very pretty borders, we bought a few. I must learn how they are arranged on the figure.

Night.—Our last night at Bijapur; we are all so sorry, but we are going to Khandala; Miss P—y's holiday is not over yet, she has ten days altogether, the first holiday she has had for more than a year. We paid a farewell visit to the "Echo" tomb and Miss B. S. sang again; her notes are low, but thoroughly in tune, and the echoing chords sound very melodious.

I spent most of the early evening on Miss P—y's gallery at the top of the mosque.

Amusing episode of peep-hole in staircase and Brodie's eye, and what she saw with it: great joke!

Parrot is dead. Lots of dogs in village which bark at night. Donkeys also bray, and there is weird singing and drums and queer music, sometimes far and sometimes near.

Apropos of elephants. A man said he could weigh an elephant in a pair of scales. "No, you can't," said they; "I will," he said, so he got a boat on the lake

and drove the elephant into it, and then marked the place on the boat to which the water reached; he then weighed stones on the scales, small quantity after small quantity, and put them in the boat till the water came up to the elephant's water mark, he thus knew how much the elephant weighed by a pair of scales!

If an elephant could hop like a flea, how far would he reach in one hop supposing that he hopped according to his size?

Wednesday, January 16th.—Khandala.—Arrived here this morning at 7.15, after night journey. Mr. P—n went on to Bombay, he returns to-morrow. Journey *very* dusty. Miss B. S. rather knocked up. We met Mr. K—e at the Hotgee station, where we dined. Our visit to Bijapur was delightful, and the natives were so mannerly and friendly. Have been reading "Ivan l'imbecile," and other stories in same book, by Tolstoi. I read very little, there is so much to see and notice, and there are people to talk with, and letters to write. There is a big bee buzzing with a note like a violoncello. Such a lot of natives seem to travel, they sometimes arrive too late for their train at the station, and then they often "bito" patiently and wait for the next train, which, perhaps, does not come till the following day!

They are very fond of going into their neighbours' shops and houses and sitting. Perhaps a man is asked what he has been doing all the afternoon, he answers that he has been with so-and-so. "And what did you do?"

"I was sitting."

"But what did you do all the time?"

"Well! I sat!"

We are lodging here in the Dak bungalow, we have seen the hotel, nicely situated, but we don't think we shall move from here. We have seen possible lairs of panthers. The scenery is very grand, deep gorges and rocks. In a letter from E—d came an invitation from the Rajah Runga Chakrarisarti Babadur, of Hitampore,

to dine on February 5th. E—d says he is an orthodox Hindoo and would not dine *with* us, but he would give the dinner and lodge his visitors in his guest house. I am afraid we shall not get to E—d so soon, consequently must refuse the invitation. I am sorry, as I want to have as many pleasant native experiences as possible. We wandered out in the afternoon, and were not back till the moon had risen; we went through some woods. People in Khandala somehow don't look so pleasant as at Bijapur.

There is a rock in the distance like a lion in shape, and there is a big rock called the Duke's, or Wellington's nose; there are some guns at the bottom of a tank near, thrown in in the year 18—?

January 17th.—Mr. P—n returned this afternoon and Miss B. S. and R. amused us by wildly careering off in tongas! Lovely moonrise, wonderful effect before it rose. I had a really good night last night notwithstanding the rustle of *Leeds Mercurys* in the verandah. R. had received a large bundle of papers, in some was the account written by the men of his class about their trip abroad last summer. So queer to hear of Christmas in England; fogs, slight frost and rain!

Walked a long way this morning, through a village and chumpak trees. The natives, I think I have heard, consider that flower sacred. Very fine views we had, while we were out. Clouds about to-day; not so hot. Saw a hare and a white kite, not much other animal life. Several bungalows in Khandala, one or two to let; we went over one of the latter, belonging to a Parsee who showed us all his rooms. Lovely time here.

Night.—The notes of plovers sound here like, "Did ye do it, did ye do it?" Miss B. S. better. Talk at dinner about Mr. Auberon Herbert's views, &c. Lovely moonlight, strolling about afterwards. The shepherd men wear long dark cloaks; look weird in the dusk. The spear grass is rather irritating, getting through one's stockings and into one's clothes.

Friday, midday.—Had quite a long walk this morning, up to the top of Duke's Nose: we went a long way round so as to accompany Miss B. S. on her horse, however, she did not go all the way, but returned with B., and Mr. P—n went with them: *very* hot. B. on her horse, "I don't feel right on this beast."

On our way, soon after leaving Khandala, we came upon a wandering musician, and we got him to play: his instrument had but one string, he had a sort of blanket arrangement wrapped round him. It was hot going up the Nose: there was a breeze, but the sun was intensely powerful; well worth going up was the Nose; we came down rather a steepish way partly through jungle, plenty of shade, but it felt close and unwholesome. About a mile from Khandala we met Miss B. S. and her party who had been returning a different way. Flowers very scarce during our walk, there are very few *little* plants and flowers; the ground is generally parched and bare looking.

We have been trying without success to attract kites to the verandah, by throwing out pieces of meat. Plenty of talk at dinner about missions again, agnosticism, the Bheels, Darwin, the Vedda tribe in Ceylon. Moonlight wander afterwards, delightful day it has been. Some gariwallers abused Larla who had been looking after his master's interests. The leopard net mosquerritily sealed; joke!

January 19th, midday.—Our last day! Miss B. S. received a letter from Mrs. or Miss B—d about her going to Poonah, travelling on Sunday, &c. We made an expedition to the Karlee cave this morning, driving along the Poonah road about six miles and walking about a mile and a half up to the cave.

Cart oxen often have ornaments over their foreheads; their great heavy bars across their necks look so uncomfortable, there are often heavy bars across the tonga horses' necks too. We passed little encampments of people on our way, in some cases the erections were not to be called even huts, they were just bare

shelters from the sun's glare. Every village of any size has its tanks, in which it seems to me the people wash themselves, their pots and pans, and their clothes! Brass vessels for drink are called lotas, and those of earthernware, chatties. Natives often carry long bamboo poles over their shoulders, bearing loads at each end. Miss B. S. was carried in a "jampan" or "dandy," up to the caves by four men; a *very* hot walk; lots of pretty little pieces of quartz on the way, and we picked up some for remembrance. In the distance behind in the hills we saw a hole in the rock, spy hole in old times for Mahrattas I was told. It was quite a mount up to the caves, but though the sun was extremely powerful, the air was so clear that we were able to keep up with energy. The Karlee cave temple was originally Buddhist, now Hindoo, and we saw several Brahmins about, and there was a little modern temple near, where there was a priest doing some sort of poojah with fire-burning; an iron arch was just outside it, with bells attached. There were children of the Brahmins at the place, and I made them paper boats, and cut them out figures which pleased them, one of the grown-up men amused me by asking for the piece of paper out of which I had cut the figures!

The old cave has a wonderful arched wooden roof, to some extent kept in repair now; there were several carvings of idols, some sensual looking and disagreeable, and one or two in ugly dancing attitudes, the figures of some elephants looked the most dignified of the lot.

Round and round the Dagoba inside, walked a tall, thin woman with big teeth, in dark red saree; round and round she went, and when she came to the front of the Dagoba (like a round dome) she touched her forehead. One of us asked a Brahmin what she was doing all this for, this apparent penance or prayer, and he said "How do I know what is in her heart?" Perhaps for several hours more, would she continue her monotonous walk; now and then she went into a

dark corner to rest; poor thing. It was a wonderful place, this temple, high up in the side of the hill, and looking down on the hot plain. There is not a dearth of trees in the parts of India we have been to, but the general effect of the country is parched and arid, caused chiefly, I think, by the bareness of the ground, there being next to no grass or small plants, and the low-growing cactus is of a dull light yellow-ochrish green, not fresh looking; the trees themselves have sometimes glossy looking foliage but with not much variety of tint; at least not from a distance. The trees often have a tired look, there never seems a real rest time for them, and when they shed their leaves, others are coming on.

Our tongas went capitally, the horses seem vigorous little animals and don't require whipping, or even much talking to. Men about here really appear as if dressed in towels, towels round their heads, the ends hanging down behind, towels round their necks and towels wrapped round them, wherever possible!

Evening.—After tea I had a pleasant walk with Miss P—y and Mr. P—n through the village and on. At some of the hut doors I saw men beating iron, their fires being heated, or rather, their heat kept up, by the blowing of bellows, the point towards the fire, the body of bellows away, and a cord working it by being pulled by the man. The water gourds to carry water to where required are often slung over the backs of oxen. There are several sorts of cows here and R. often says how much he would like to import some to Yealand. I ought to mention the wells, the water from which is drawn up by oxen, very picturesque it is. We walked on to the English cemetery, from the wall of which we had a splendid view; great deep jungles, haunts of wild beasts I expect, and steep hill sides, and the sun setting behind. Heard a bird's note rather like an exaggerated woodpecker, also reminding me of a coppersmith's anvil, I think the name of the bird is barbet. Down the mass of steep jungly hill-side, we

saw the beginning of a narrow path, soon lost in the mass of close growing trees; in the daytime safe enough, no doubt, but hardly so at night. Before we arrived at the cemetery I had tried to make a hasty sketch of the Duke's Nose. The last evening of Miss P—y's holiday; it has been so delightful.

Sunday, midday, January 19th.—Here we are at Cumballah Hill, about four hours' railway journey from Khandala. We all had to get up early; I believe the cock really crew before dawn!

In the carriage in which Miss P—y and I travelled was a Mrs. L—e, she told us several true anecdotes of the Mutiny, her mother was in it and had several hair breadth escapes, one of which was as follows: a cousin of hers sent an orderly whom he thought he could trust to escort her from an unsafe place; on the way he threatened to kill her unless she gave him all the property she had with her. This she refused to do, and then he commanded her bearers (she was in a palanquin) to take her into the middle of the stream and made them wait there, and threatened her again. Eventually she was extricated from the difficulty. What an awful time it must have been! Mrs. L—e had been at Poonah with her husband, he is engaged in the Crawford case on the government side.

Thick haze was about during our journey: very unusual; lovely views. We got out at Bycullah station; on the platform were two or three very good-looking Parsee girls whom Miss P—y knew, one had beautiful large grey eyes with black eyelashes, and rather an English Jewess of refined type class of face.

Monday night. Shopped in the bazaar this morning with R., bought nose-rings, &c. Saw an extraordinary man with dirty whitewashed face and smeared over hair, even rather less clothes on than are usually worn, and, bearing a whip; occasionally one does see similar queer people; they are fakeers, religious (!) beggars or something of the sort. Much warmer it feels at Bombay than at Bijapur or Khandala, and damper too.

Miss P—y was to have taken us this afternoon to a Bunya wedding but a serious operation in the hospital prevented her getting back in time. We had heard two bands of music, they are going on now, (the house of the wedding is just below this,) playing both at the same time! The father of the bride is rather a reformer, and does not like his children to marry so young as most of the Hindoo girls do; he told Miss P—y that he thought his daughter was really fond of the young man because she took an interest in his examinations! and he allowed them to see each other during their betrothal, a most unusual proceeding. The L—d S—rs who had been staying here for a few days, left soon after we arrived back. Mosquitoes a nuisance but being with nice people and having such a jolly time I am in a seraphic mood and don't swear!

Tuesday night, 21*st*.—Miss P—y, R. and I have been to Thana to-day. Mr. P—n was to have accompanied us, and we were to have gone part of the way in a boat, which had been sent on from Bombay last night, but he wasn't well enough to come, and at Bandalla station we received a telegram to say that he had heard the boat had met with an accident, and that therefore we must go all the way by train. At one of the stations where we had to change, we had to wait an hour for a train to take us on, so we got a man and a boy (the latter a very important little personage who ordered the man, and ordered the carts and things to get out of our way in a masterly fashion) to carry our luncheon, and we had a picnic under some trees at the wayside. We gave the boy the lump of ice which was left, and I think he sold it to the refreshment stall at the station.

When we arrived at Thana we drove first to the part of the town where that beautiful soft uncreasing silk is sold, the patterns are all small, I—a wanted a particular sort and as it happened it was actually in the course of being woven on a loom, where we saw it. Such a poky little cottage workroom.

We then drove to the prison, where there are between five and six hundred prisoners, amongst them some Burmese with their broad faces. The head jailor or master, who showed us over, said the Burmese were in for "dacoity," or else "fighting against the queen." When, just to see what he would answer, we said something about our not wondering that they should want to fight for their country and against English rule, he said with unction, "that they were very foolish, and that in ten years' time they would like our rule very much!" Some of the men had irons on, there were some not doing any work at all, but they were just sent to prison without labour, it must be very bad for them doing nothing all day. The chief occupation of the prisoners is mat and carpet making. They leave off work at 5 o'clock, have a meal, and then are locked in their cells till next day; they were having their food in the big yard when we left, the Burmese have their special cooks. There was an English matron or jailor for the women's part. Many were in for murdering or trying to murder their husbands; several tiny children were trotting about; the women are allowed to keep their children with them till they are two years old.

On from the prison we drove to call on the E. H—s, he is acting judge there; I am so glad we went; he occupies a very large house once inhabited by a rich native. Mrs. E. H. is a very pleasant woman, and they both seemed pleased to see us. I had had a notion that E. H. was stationed somewhere in Bengal.

On the railway journey we passed a regular station for "dhobees" or washermen; an acre or two of clothes being hung out to dry! Really, sometimes, the little babies with their painted black eyes are very startling; sulphite of antimony it is, to keep off ophthalmia. Fires we saw rising from the Hindoo burning grounds. Bunyas, a cast of Hindoos, are divided into two large classes; one wears a hat rather like a Parsee's hat without the bend in at the back, and the

other a red turban with a sort of hook at the top, we intend to buy one or two typical turbans; a great many of them are just wound round and round pieces of cloth or cotton. We dined at the Bombay Yacht Club on our return and Mr. P—n joined us. Yesterday we heard a salute fired, it was in honour of H. H. Raj Indersing, Maharajah of Pateola. Salutes are fired, so many according to rank, for princes of native states. Miss P—y has told me her news.

Thurday night.—Mount Abu.—We started from Bombay yesterday evening, Miss P—y and Mr. P—n saw us off. I was very sorry indeed to leave Miss P—y. Two Australian girls (from Melbourne) were in my carriage and their father in R's; not *quite* such a dusty journey as usual. Another lady was in the carriage part of the night, she got out at 3 o'clock a.m., and was going to camp somewhere with her husband. I slept on one of the lower seats, more comfortable than the upper ones.

Copy of notes on the way.—Wish I could write shorthand, such lots to note down and writing is such a bother. Pretty flowering trees, pointsettia plants, bouganviliers, &c. Big monkeys, greyish, so odd-looking, skipping about. *Very* dusty. Passed Ahmenabad, if we had stayed would have gone to look at the grave of K. M's brother-in-law, an officer, as I promised, but we only stayed a short time for breakfast. Opposite to us sat a friar. Saw some very handsome young native men. Railway stations often have pretty gardens. Hindoo gentleman travelling in R's carriage, has been in England seven years, M.A. of Oxford, lost his caste while he was in England, got it back again on his return to India by going through some ceremonies and giving money to the Brahmins; such is the power of gold! He gave our party some of his biscuits, not tempting-looking! Imperative mood in general use in India, no word for "please!" Blue mist behind distant trees. Innumerable picturesque scenes, cattle at pools, etc. Big grey birds (what sort?) and slender white

Mt. Abu Interior of Jain temple.
Exquisite white marble.

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go.
tem,
India,
trees.
etc. Big

birds (are they cranes or storks?) Castor oil plants. There are flap seats outside the carriages so we can sit outside if we like; it is a little too windy and dusty to be quite enjoyable, but I try it now and then.

Country flattish. Cool, windy, cloudy. I see women with skirts, full and of fan-like shape; some with a quantity of bangles on their wrists, arms and legs, generally silver, sometimes a few gold ones, and very poor women with painted and gilded wooden and earthenware ornaments. Curious small houses, with round dome-like tops. Uriya station.—I see a boy in a white night cappy head-dress, orange coat, crimson and green dressing-gown, and white trousers. The Australians call little children "kids," I wish they wouldn't; it is ugly I think. Poor starved dog, a lot of dogs often about at the stations. Here is Abu Road station and I am in a champan or dandy ready to start up to Mount Abu, R. on a horse; no tongas; the Australians not having written for means of conveyance, have to walk. Men are passing with pots of violets on their heads. Quite cloudy. Fourteen miles to go. My dandy on shoulders of four men, four others following to take turns, such *very* dirty people, it is rather nasty to be carried by them—the dandy is wobbly, I can hardly even scribble notes. Going along a plain, now beginning to mount; see some peacocks going through the woods; monkeys; more small underwood than usual. Bamboos growing. My bearers making a queer low monotonous sound, perhaps to keep time, sounds like, "Cubudder, er 'm 'm, cubudder, er 'm 'm," one or two have bad coughs. In a wood, some trees almost bare. Long winding road. Beautiful gorgeous sunset. Very high now. Getting dark, can't write now, hope we are near; amuse myself by making doggrel rhymes about places and people, shall send them to Miss P—y!

Rajputana Hotel, Mount Abu. *Night.*—Australians arrived about one hour after us, very tired, and one rather frightened; it was dark for us that last hour or so, and they had a longer time of it; we were five hours

on the journey from the station. This seems a comfortable hotel, nice food; we have a wood fire in sitting-room, welcome sight, it was getting slightly chilly.

Friday 25th, afternoon.—This morning after chota hazri, R and I went round the lake, saw lovely little birds; some had golden tails and breasts, dark backs, rather the size and shape of big sparrows; we saw moss and ferns and listened to the ripple of the water. Sky deep blue, deeper than I have before seen it in India. There are nice bungalows about. It is a native state this, and the natives are allowed to carry arms; there is an English Resident. A nice little hotel; on the terrace are lots of pots of sweet scented violets, so fresh and delicious. We are in Rajputana. Bath water very cold, how different these high places are from Bombay! After tiffin we went with the Australians to see the wonderful Jain temples about a mile off: we had to procure an order first; such wonderful places, beautiful and tasteful designs unnumbered, carving after carving of white marble; in fact the whole place is made of marble; there is no material of the sort in the district, it must have been brought some hundreds of miles. The carvings inside were dazzlingly white; the idols were of course ugly; on one side was a curious stable of marble full of white marble elephants! Our guides watched our gentlemen closely to see if they took off their hats on entering, they did not insist on their taking off their shoes; they themselves, though they took off their shoes, did not otherwise behave themselves in a respectful manner, but larked about and played. Near the temples, which I hear were built about 1,000 years A.D.—is a Dharmsala or pilgrims' house, pilgrims who come to the Deval or temple lodge there; we went up some steps to it but a man waved us back, saying, "Bund hai," "it is shut." Very striking position these temples are in, lonely amongst the hills! We should pick up more Hindostanee than we do, but our "boy" speaks English of a sort, so we don't practise with him, he can speak Hindostanee, but his own language is

really Gujerati. Sun too powerful for us to walk about much; we started too early in the afternoon.

Night.—Mr. M— the other lodger in the hotel, walked out with us this evening. Lovely sunset. We passed the house of the Rajah of Piroti, perched on a hill, I tried to sketch it; the effect of the setting sun light on it was very pretty, and all around, the colours were bewitching. We saw outside of English church, there was choir practising going on; we saw also a school for English and Eurasian boys, and there is another for girls; a good many of the railway officials are Englishmen.

Chat at dinner and after, about Crawford case, and about native ways, about the burden of debt which is on a large portion of the rural population; the Mawaris are great usurers, and many of the people are hopelessly involved. Even now, much infanticide amongst girls, their marriages costing so much, and its being such a disgrace for girls to live unmarried. Spoke again of the way, news, true and false, gets first to bazaars, and how a Mahometan at Materan refused to cash a note, having heard a rumour that Caboul had been taken! The front of one of the houses at Ahmenabad has been bought by a gentleman for England; it is carved very elaborately.

January 26th.—The Australians left early this morning, the two girls on ponies and their father in a "champan."

I would willingly spend a week at Mount Abu; it is a pretty place and very good "bits," about it; bungalows prettily built and situated, and it is so nice to have a lake near, and the Jain temples, how *very* beautiful they are with their endless carvings of intricate workmanship. Great rounded rocks here, are they ice formed? Tigers are to be seen, and one was shot quite a little while ago near the lake, wish I could see one.

Notes on the way down to station in my "champan." R. on a horse, rather a stumbler, two women amongst the coolies carrying our luggage: cheerful and talkative.

I see a little white temple perched ever so high on a great mountain rock on my left, looks quite un-get-at-able. This is a wonderful piece of road, it was dark when we came up along it, great steep hill sides and rocks. Wobble, wobble, wobble I go; a dandy is *not* comfortable! An eagle sitting close by the side of road way. Thatched huts like bee hives. The woods we are passing through are so quiet now: no birds or beasts about. Here come women wearing thin, close-fitting trousers. At Mount Abu no animal of the cow tribe may be killed. Passing the trees, some of the branches of which hang down and reach the ground making roots: the Ficus Indicus. The peepul tree very common in these parts, belongs to the Ficus species. Greyish, cloudy, as has been usual the last few days towards evening. "Colo hai," "it is open." "Cha lao," "go on." The last a very necessary order to know of! Horses are feeding on the ground, but on what, poor things? there seems nothing but dust.

Abu Road Station.—We have dined here, our train goes at 10 p.m. I am reading, R. napping. Englishwoman and boy and girl in waiting-room, one is not well; one or two people sleeping, such a snoring! I hear native drums and instruments, dogs are barking, occasionally a dog comes into the room and sniffs about; so queer being here.

Notes in train from Abu to Ajmere.—*January 27th.*—Chota hazri at Sujah Road, not much dust. R. and I have carriage to ourselves; pretty sunrise. Dome erections over stations and houses are very usual along this line. Queer cry of the bheesties (water carriers) on the platform "pani, pani," "water, water;" they carry it in big leather gourds or skins, with little spouts, and either pour it into people's hands for them to drink, or into their brass lotas, which native passengers nearly always carry with them, nothing is charged for it; "pini ka pani," "drinking water." Natives wrapped up at nlght and in early morning, round head and upper part of body, but legs bare, and they shiver.

Windows of railway carriages often of different colours. Chandeval station.—Queer turbans with long tails of material hanging down behind. Much less dust, partly because the line is chiefly laid on road metal and not on loose earth. Ten minutes to 9 a.m. We have been going over river beds, in monsoon I suppose river will be high. Sky is quite overclouded. Our tin of biscuits a success. Large tracts of arid ground, with clumps of cactus; distant hills. After passing Haripur station, saw city on a hill, rather remarkable looking. Tracts upon tracts of sandy, stony soil. Sardia station.—Long, lean, dull coloured dogs; gaily dressed women, one with face entirely covered. Gaily dressed men too. Turbans often drop down to one side of the face; women sometimes wear close-fitting trousers, men too. A few drops of rain falling. Train goes *very* slowly. Saw birds' nests hanging from trees near the line. Patches of green corn (is it wheat?). Beawar station. Extraordinary ornaments on women, *such* colours of dresses, slippers, and jackets. Men with sticks and swords, some silver mounted; costumes about here seem to be richer and more elaborate than near Bombay, and amongst the quite poor people more material is worn; women wearing skirts as well as sarees generally. Kharwa station.—Houses with latticed windows, different from those we have hitherto seen; creepers up walls. I have seen camels and antelopes. Mangaliawar and Saradna stations.—I am not writing down names of all; we don't stop at all the stations we pass, and of those we stop at I can't always see the names. Here we are at Ajmere, in British territory though still in Rajputana.

27*th*. *Evening*.—We drove to the Dak bungalow, but there being no messman we went on to see what the hotel was like, and here we are; it is stuffy and the food is not so good as at Mount Abu, and the bathrooms are wet and sloppy: I don't like it. The weather is close, not *hot*, but dull and oppressive. We have been for two hours' drive; passed Rajahs' houses, public

gardens, conservatory, and government offices. Drove on to Lake Anasagu, went on to the terrace overlooking it; a lot of stone terrace-like buildings, some of the marble of which was translucent, very pretty. Saw a man pushing off on a raft with a long bamboo stick. There is a lake called Ruska the other side of some hills, too far for us to drive this evening. The trees about, *do* look tired and exhausted. We went back to the hotel through the bazaar, the most picturesque we have seen as yet, long streets of brilliant colours, stone buildings, the lattice sort of carving very usual. A ruinous look about a good deal of the town, but swarming with people. A Major-General J—e at dinner; he goes to-night.

January 28th.—Close, grey sky, like a very stuffy day in England, but we are able to walk about more in the middle of the day, as the sun is not so powerful through the clouds, but it is not nearly so pleasant as the clear days.

We have been in the bazaar and bought some spangled threaded native cloth slippers, seem very cheap, and some bangles, and a nose ring, and R. has picked up coins of the country. When one buys metal things they are generally weighed in scales and then so much charged for the value of the metal and so much for the workmanship: in the case of silver articles, rupees are used for weights; sometimes the seller would like to give us the change in goods instead of money. We stopped at the earthenware-making street and watched a boy moulding a lump of clay into a "chattie." He gave his stone wheel several vigorous shoves, which sent it spinning round and round, and the spin generally lasted just long enough for the pot to be formed; fascinating to watch. On one of the stalls where a few inlaid swords were for sale, two youths were learning their lessons, one repeated something from his book in English, with very good accent. We met a great many veiled women; often they arrange their veils in such a way between their thumb

and fingers that just one eye shows and peeps through. A few people had respirators; coughs seem prevalent here. Our landlady tells us that the Ajmere people are extremely dirty and that last year there was cholera in the place, and this year small-pox. A stone wall with five gates surrounds the town, we passed under two of them, the "Agra" Gate and the "Delhi" Gate. The water is hard, difficult to wash with. Men have come on to the verandah with boxes of buttons and tapes, &c., to sell; when they had gone away, a tall man with rather a fine face came with Rumpoor chuddahs, and painted tablecloths from Peshawur, and embroideries to sell; we bought some for presents: bargaining was necessary. Third class railway fares are cheap in these parts. First class from Mount Abu to Ajmere was fourteen rupees, third class, two rupees!

Tuesday 29th.—This morning we drove to see the big mosque in the city, we were told we should have to take off our shoes, R. went in, I stayed out and looked at the crowded streets and picturesque people; one does not like being very near them, they are not at all clean; a food stall was near the carriage, such messy, dirty looking food. R. said there were schools attached to mosque, he was glad he had seen it. Passed through the grain market, grain heaps on the roads and paths, it seems impossible for people to walk without stepping on it, and how the natives finger the grain! We saw lots of other things in bazaar, stamping with gold leaf on stuffs, &c., and men doing needlework. There are three sorts of carriages to be hired here, grand uncomfortable springless "barouches," partly shut up wooden boxes, sometimes with one horse, sometimes with two, and the picturesque native little one-horse carriage which looks as if it could only hold a little child besides the driver, but in which we often see two or three people crowded and squatted down. I should like to have models of these pretty little curtained conveyances; the flooring of them is generally cane or plaited

straw, or cord, with perhaps a mattrass on the top. I saw a very pretty group, a woman not bad looking and with a graceful figure, holding her child on her hip as is so often done, and then the little thing lifting up one end of its mother's saree, which nearly covered both of them. Bullocks in the carts often have their horns painted and gilded.

Talking of Lucknow, a little man at the hotel said Lucknow is worth going to, "it has good roads and one or two nice shops!"

Notes on the railway journey to Jeypore.—We left Ajmere at 1 o'clock. Sunshiny, quite a relief after the last day or two's close *shut up* sort of weather, which seemed so unnatural to India, according to our experience. Sky beginning to cloud over again. Concoction prepared and presented to a man by another, a polite attention; betel nut and lime rolled up in a pan leaf and the little bundle chewed in the mouth and swallowed; it gives a red look to teeth and mouth. Young men with refined faces and plaintive eyes. "Jurra, burra, carroo bollo cow," the language of the country sounds like at times! Kishegurgh station.—Soldiers on horse-back, man with flag, evidently expecting somebody. A carriage, two men from our train have got into it, one the Sinh Raja, they are driving off escorted by the soldiers, flag bearers, etc. Tilorina station.—How do the women keep on their toe-rings? their feet are often almost hidden with ornaments. Such a bargaining going on at the third class railway carriages for fruit, looks like Siberian crab-apples. Here and there the land looks green. Passing lake with groves of palm trees, reminds me of dear Bombay. R. says there is a salt water lake about twenty miles from here, I had said the air smelt like the sea. Big castly building in distance on the right. White heavy clouds. Asalpur station.—A dammed up lake, several of the picturesque wells, and oxen drawing up water. Antelopes. Camel growling while being loaded and made to get up.

Jeypore, 30th January.—There was a heavy thunderstorm last night and torrents of rain, such an unusual sound, and mingled with it the familiar noise of jackals; I can hardly believe that the ground is really wet; it has been showery during the morning. We took a carriage and drove with a young Mr. (don't know his name) a few miles, and then elephants met us, sent by the Maharajah, who provides them for visitors free of charge, excepting tips to the grooms, and we went on to the Palace of Amber. Country much less bare than usual. The mode of travelling is not a comfortable one, the slow, heavy movement soon becomes wearying and monotonous,, but it has one great advantage, that of enabling riders to get splendid views of the surrounding towns and district. The driver sits on the neck of the beast and carries a sharp goad, which, however, in this case was hardly ever used. R. and I on one, Mr. —— and his "boy" on another. Amber Palace has a splendid position, towering on a steep, rocky hill above a lake; it is built of marbles, white, grey, and red. To arrive at the entrance our elephants wound their way round a steep, zigzag, paved, narrow road. At every turn fresh views of the hills and the town of Amber below were obtained. Flying about the lake were beautiful bright-hued birds, and along the road below we saw other elephants moving majestically; here and there a peacock came out to look at us. The interior of the palace is extremely beautiful. Some of the doors are made of scented sandal wood, exquisitely carved and inlaid with ivory; the overlaid metal and glass work which ornaments much of the wall is peculiar. The mode of working is, I believe, somewhat after this fashion: slabs of wood, stone, or plaster concrete (chunam) are placed over the glass or light-tinted metal; this upper material is then chiselled down to the under material in designs. The glass or metal thus shows underneath, surrounded by the wood or other material in various patterns.

The baths, as usual in these old Eastern places, are

very luxurious, made so that the bather steps *down* into his bath (made of marble, with probably different sorts of marble decorating the floor around), and the water supply arranged so that it flows in and out while the person remains in his bath ; in a hot climate such an arrangement must be much appreciated. On the whole the place is in very fair repair, but it seems a pity that there should not be some one regularly living there who would take an interest in everything, and would see that no part of the building is neglected.

We held up umbrellas for the first time since we left England ! It is fine now. Just had tiffin. Lot of men in verandah selling things. The flies are a bother, I must leave off.

Evening.—A drive this afternoon, Mr. —— accompanied us ; we went to the "School of Art," where we became acquainted with a good deal of the work for which Jeypore is noted. The pressing in of the silver wire into soft iron was a very pretty handicraft to watch ; also the engraving on brass ; the article to be engraved is first coated with a white substance on which the design is drawn ; the craftsman then presses his sharp instrument on the lines of the drawing, reaching through the white to the metal, the white mixture is then rubbed off. We saw quite small boys at work on the soft grey soapstone, from which a lot of fancy things are made, boxes, idols, animals, trays, etc. We saw potters at work also. Orders are taken by the managers of the School of Art for anything required that their pupils and workers can do ; the prices are fixed, which rule is a boon to the buyer, who, after the first fun of the thing is over, becomes tired of the ever-necessary bargaining when purchases are made in the bazaars and verandahs of the houses and hotels.

But I was sorry to see in the drawing room a few youths (one dumb) copying from very flat rubbishing English or German, what school children would call their "copies." As a *school of drawing* these first impressions of mine are not favourable, though, on the

other hand, one is glad to see that there should be any *wish* for art teaching at all, but it *is* a pity that with all the beautiful and varied designs of architecture, mosque, palace, and temple carvings to be found in plenty all over India, that they should descend in a *school* of art to copying the trash I saw to-day; the man who showed us over spoke and understood English, and I wish I had exerted myself to explain a little of what I felt. I think, most certainly, that unless they have thoroughly good instruction, and models from life, or the antique, the human figure should be let alone. Tree and flower form will give them plenty of work for both modelling and engraving.

But perhaps there is a sort of wish now to draw the human face divine, and generally the anatomy of the idols in the temples is so utterly bad that none of them would afford good models; now is the time, therefore, for true *lovers* and *knowers* of art in India—if such there be—to step in and explain what true art in the human figure is. These inferior prints should not be allowed.

From the School of Art we went to see the Maharajah's Palace. A very noticeable thing about rich natives' houses is the squalor and gorgeousness found side by side; dirty courtyard steps lead up to magnificent halls and terraces, and ragged, dirty people are found amongst the richly dressed upper servants and guards. Also, the mixture of things of Eastern taste with specimens of what one might expect to find in second-rate English lodging houses, is very frequent. In one room, perhaps, there is a beautiful, rich, thick-piled Eastern carpet, but on it are vulgar rep-covered chairs, and on the walls gaudy oleographs! Some one told us that in one grand palace, he saw hung up and framed, a picture advertisement, extolling a good sewing cotton! We went into the billiard room, where the native billiard-marker, in gay silk jacket, trousers and turban, was having a solitary practice, he told us that the last Maharajah was very fond of billiards, that this one was not; it was a fine room, with two tables. The recep-

tion hall or Dewan-i-Khan was very beautiful, built entirely of white marble, long steps lead to it, and on them we saw a motley group of natives playing cards. We had a turn in the well-kept gardens and listened to a good native band, which was playing English airs, and finished up with "God save the Queen." Going back to the palace we passed the ladies' apartments, the entrance to which was guarded by a fierce, turbaned, long-bearded old man, with a drawn sword!

Then we saw the stables of three hundred horses and ponies, most of them very fat and looking as if a few hours' daily exercise would be good for them. Every one has its own groom or syce, who sleeps in a hole in the wall above the horse's stall; I thought at first that this hole was a receptacle for an extra store of grain! The long stable was very clean.

The Maharajah also possesses pet elephants and camels, alligators, and lynxes. The last named are fed in an extraordinary way. Small pieces of meat are thrown down in front of them; immediately kites, which are always hovering about looking for food, swoop down for the meat, the lynxes will then dart forward and seize the kites.

We went on to see the man-eating tigers, one or two particularly ferocious beasts; horrid smell and rather dark place, and in a dirtyish part of the town; then on to the museum which the Maharajah built in honour of the Prince of Wales, not light enough to see it properly. The word "Welcome," every letter sixty feet high, is painted on a hill side within view of the museum. Of course, I have not said a quarter enough of that wonderful Ambir Palace; it impressed us very much. Slung across a man's shoulders this morning was a long bamboo pole, at one end of which hung a big chattie of water, and on the other, in a basket, a little brown baby with black eyes, such a funny sight.

A man here has been robbed by his "boy" of £120 worth of diamonds and rings. At first it was thought the thief did not come under the jurisdiction of the

English resident here (who only judges criminal cases), but it was proved that the theft was committed within the railway precincts, which are entirely under British rule, so he was committed, and he will be judged by our laws; his master said this was his third "boy" since he had been in India, and they had all been dishonest, the last was recommended by Cook.

January 31*st*.—A fine day: cool west wind. This morning we walked to the public gardens and went over the Albert Hall, which we had barely looked at in the dusk yesterday evening; it is a beautiful erection of white marble, with balconies outside, the balustrades of which are made of the tasteful lattice work so often to be seen in this part of the country. An extensive garden, which in time will no doubt be a fit setting for it, surrounds it. The contents of the museum are extremely interesting; there are numbers of cases containing specimens of Indian taste and industry, and there is a curious collection of terra cotta heads of natives wearing turbans of the various castes.

Then we went into the Zoological Gardens, many of the monkeys are attached to trees by long chains, and they have hard work to keep their food to themselves: crows, grey squirrels and dogs try to rob them, often with success; a boy stood not far off, lazily twanging an arrowless bow to scare away the crows which are the boldest birds I have ever seen. Talking of birds, the other day when we were driving along the principal street (which is two miles long and about forty yards broad), to the centre market place, the ground in the distance was of a beautiful soft gray colour, being in fact literally covered with a large quantity of pigeons, which seemed not to object in the the least to the people walking amongst them, but on the approach of our carriage they flew up and fringed the balconies and windows of some adjacent houses.

Animal and human life are varied in Jeypore, a cheetah being led along by a huntsman, a falcon on the wrist of another, are to be seen from time to time, and then

there are the elephants, camels, bullocks and horses, often gaily caparisoned, and the escapades of a pet monkey varies the scene yet more, by springing across the street, upsetting children and fruit stalls, and grinning and chattering at the passers by! Some L—ms are in the hotel, distant relations of R.'s.

After late breakfast we went to call on the M—rs, missionaries here, acquaintances of Miss B. S., we found out some interesting things about Jeypore and misson work.

In the afternoon later we walked to the bazaar again with Mr. —. Some people are surprised at our walking so much, but we like it; only keep our heads protected and we are all right; the clearness of the atmosphere is so invigorating and delightful. The women wear a lot of ornaments, men frequently put their savings into silver bangles which their wives wear, often attended with danger, of course, on account of thieves. We went to the shop of Seth Mool Chaud Golcha, of Moti Singh, Bhuma Street, Janhairi bazaär, and bought a few topazes, garnets, &c. It is tiresome how people will follow us about, wanting to "guide" us, or sell to us; such a clamour and bother! We noticed several well-dressed native boys, evidently from school, some on ponies, led or attended by syces who were also carrying the lesson books; I saw several palanquins too. Bedsteads are a common sight in the streets, the woodwork is often prettily painted or carved and the mattrass is composed of string or cord, generally plaited in some regular pattern. In the monsoon they are no doubt taken within doors, but in the dry season they are left outside night and day for the men to lie or "bito" on.

February 1*st*.—Delhi. Dak bungalow.—Our train arrived about 5 o'clock this evening; we left Jeypore before 7 a.m. We have had a short turn but have seen next to nothing of the place yet. I am writing before dinner, which is to be at 7.30.

Notes during the journey.—Breakfast early; we

got up in the dark. The railway coolies a nuisance; if they see any luggage or parcels a flock of them arrives, and if one only carries a small book he clamours for pay; about six do the work of two English porters, but they don't seem to have any trucks here; all is carried. Passing Sandgenir station. Mrs. M—r told me that at this place there is a wonderful stream of water which helps to fast dye the colours of cotton fabrics; cotton sarees, &c., are now very much made and printed in Manchester, and to all appearance at first are the same as those of India, but this fast dyeing stream, not being used, the colours run when the material is washed. In the bazaar yesterday we saw bundles of stuffs with Glasgow trade marks. Part of the principal road was being mended in Jeypore, and it was amusing to listen to and watch the men beating down the mixture with heavy pads on sticks, all in time; occasionally the time was altered, there seemed a regularity about it and a man was evidently giving directions to the others as to what order they were to thud in, just as in the "Lancers" dance, one of the party will go round and say "inside," "outside," "inside," "outside." Edwin Arnold's "India Revisited" is an interesting book and gives a very good idea of Jeypore; the picturesqueness of things is so difficult to describe. Yesterday in the market we saw yards and yards of stuffs being dyed for turbans, which vary very much; a great many consisting simply of several yards of narrow material which the wearer winds round his head himself. We are seeing antelopes. Wide, dry beds of rivers. Fields of green corn. Just seen a jackal. Jhir station.—Big long-legged birds in fields. Passing rocky, precipitous hills on the right, and ruined town at foot, it is very likely that it is inhabited; people often live in ruins in these parts. Dry river bed again. Not at all hot, I am glad of my rug. Low, rocky, pointy hills. Arno station. Dandikin station.—Roman Catholic priests on platform, reverse of spiritual looking. Group of very ugly people, men and women. Raggarh station. Khantal station.

—We have lunched at Rewai station, and bought a metal tumbler with pattern on it. Extremely tall clumps of grass. Very flat country just here. Yatowlee station.—Men walking about as usual, apparently dressed in some of their towels and quilts and carrying the rest! Very few women seem to be travelling this journey, nothing like the numbers we have seen on our other journeys. We are in the mail train. Gurri Huzroo station. Goorgan Road station.—I am sleepy; still coldish; yesterday morning there was hoar frost! Unless we want to walk about a very great deal we shall not like this cool weather. On the platform I think I see the O'R—s who were on the 'Peninsular.' I'm going to nap. Here we are at Delhi, on the Jumna river, and men are thrusting into our hands advertisements of their hotels, shops, goods, and all the rest of it.

February 2nd.—Oh! it is so cold, really *cold*: we went out during this morning and wrapped ourselves in ulsters and rugs, and we have just had a fire lighted in our bedroom.

This is a pig of a hotel, dirty and cheerless.

Kanji is a good, attentive "boy;" he informed us that his opinion was, this was "bad hotel, very bad, no good dinners!"

One can hardly believe we are within a month of being at Bijapur, "Dear old Bijapur," "Oh! for Bijapur!", R. goes on saying and I echo. We went to see the Fort and palace of the Emperors of Delhi, now as far as *use* is concerned a Fort only: it is surrounded by five walls of red sandstone, and the building was begun about 1638 by the Emperor Shah Jehan, at a cost of 50 lakhs of rupees; considering the low rate of wages at which the workmen would be paid that amount will to a certain extent give an idea of the enormous magnificence of the place. Within the walls of the Fort are various other buildings. We went first to the Dewan A'am, or Hall of public audience, and then to the Dewan Khas, a hall or pavilion specially set apart for the reception of the nobility, it is built of

Birbal's House. Futtepore Sikri.

The Taj Mehal :
Agra :

pure white marble, ornamented with coloured inlaid work of pebbles and stones in lovely designs, and there is much perforated marble-work, which once seen can never be forgotten; it is so very beautiful. Originally the ceiling of the pavilion was decorated with filagree silver work, but a troop of Mahrattas captured the place and melted it all down. At the top of one part are these words in Persian characters, "If there is a paradise on earth, it is this, it is this." Then there was the Pearl mosque to see, with more decoration than I had seen on mosques before, and the royal baths.

There are 40,000 troops, I believe, stationed in Delhi, it has a very military look about it. We passed out and back through several gates, at one of which is a monument erected in memory of Lieutenant Home and others, who gave their lives up to certain loss in the Delhi siege time, when they volunteered to go and ignite bags of powder to blow up the Fort of Malagurh. We went to call on the Rev. Mr. A—t (one of the Cambridge University Mission) a friend of Mr. T. B; he was out but we saw another of the mission, and we had a lot of nice talk; a college is in connection with the mission and many of the students are at heart, if not Christians, at any rate not Hindoos or Mahometans, but although their parents do not object to their learning Bible things and listening to Christian teaching, they would revolt at the idea of their children becoming outwardly Christians, being baptized, for instance, or neglecting their own religious rites. This gentleman (I don't know his name yet) asked us to dinner to-morrow and we have accepted. I asked him about work among the women and he referred me to Mrs. S—t, of St. Stephen's Home, so we drove on there and saw her. The Home is for lady workers in the Zenanas; they were all out. Mrs. S—t took us to a boarding-school, and we saw a lot of girls, Christians, mostly children of Christian parents; in some cases they were orphans, clear dark complexioned, large

bright-eyed girls, pure natives, so clean compared with the children one sees in the streets. Mrs. Sur was the teacher of the girls, either a native, or very, very Eurasian.

The children sang a hymn to us, with cheerfulness, but hardly musical taste. There are many "purdah" ladies in Delhi, and I hinted about visiting one or two Zenanas, but evidently the mission ladies don't much like taking visitors round, unless they are other missioners, or have some great reason, apart from interested curiosity, so I withdrew, but I must manage to visit a few, if I can, somewhere else. I see very few women about in the streets; one misses the gay attire of the Parsee ladies in Bombay, and the brilliant dresses of Rajputana women. The food *is* bad here, opened seven eggs at chotahazri (early breakfast) to-day, all bad! It is a pity that carpets are put to the very wall in these hotel and Dak bungalow rooms. If the floors were concreted and then loose rugs put down, which could easily be taken up and shaken after each visitor goes, it would be far nicer. We bought some gold thread d'oyleys from Mrs. S—t, worked by Christian native women. *Evening.* Just returned from drive, bitter cold wind; I have piled up logs on the fire and am sitting with rug over my knees; one feels the cold doubtless much more from the great contrast of the heat of the Deccan and Bombay.

We have been seeing mosques outside the town, the Jhumat Khana, etc., and the Emperor Humayon's Tomb, built by his widow, Hagi Begum; the dome is of white marble, and parts of remainder of building are of the favourite red sandstone, relieved with ornaments of white marble let in; no domes nearly as fine as that of *our* tomb opposite *our* mosque at Bijapur! The exquisite designs on some of the little tombs and around the gateways, and elsewhere, are entirely beyond *my* powers of description. Beggars were a great nuisance. Before going to these unused mosques, we visited the Jumma Musjid inside the

present city, where the floors and walls are of white and black marble; in this mosque are, carefully kept in caskets, some old manuscripts, a slipper, covered with rose leaves, said to have been worn by Mahomet; and on a piece of marble lying by the side of them is a print of a foot, said to be his also!

There is a great deal of red sandstone used in these buildings, and then this beautiful white marble, how exquisite it is! If only the weather were warm!

On some of the mosques we saw to-day coloured tiles have been much used; one little dome is still almost entirely covered with blue tiles; two boys at one of the tanks near a mosque plunged from the top of a dome into the water feet first; they do it for four annas. The youths about here often wear trowsers, gay-coloured coats and close cap turbans; everyone seems warmly clad, comparatively speaking; it is rather painful to hear so many bad coughs. Round the present Delhi are remains of more than one old city. I forgot to mention that during our journey from Jeypore we passed the little model native State, Ulwar.

Sunday, February 3rd, morning.—R. a little bit of a chill. A vivacious sparrow has just thrown down a piece of mortar on to his head from the roof. *Later. After dinner.* We ought to have dined at the C.U. Mission to-night, but we thought it better R. should not go out in the night air, he got up about one o'clock, and we went for a turn in the sun for an hour or so; the sky was cleared of all cloud and sunshine was bright, but the wind was still cold, and dust blew most disagreeably, we are having *very* unpleasant weather. I wrote a lot of letters. We have done nothing in the way of sight-seeing to-day, except that during our walk we went into the museum, a neglected-looking little place, the natural history part of it especially so; badly arranged and badly stuffed birds and beasts, sadly wants a Mr. P—n in Delhi, does this museum!

About half-past six Mr. A—t called, and we had a very interesting talk with him. One amongst other

reasons which makes me regret we could not dine at the Mission to-night is, that he told us Miss Manning was to be there; she is a relation of Mrs. D—e, and has a great deal to do with entertaining and looking after Indian students in England, and lately, on a visit to India, Miss P—y was telling me, she had a warm reception from the young men's families; I should like to have seen her.

Mr. A—t is a very agreeable man, and told us much. It seems so extraordinary that many, if not all the youths are married, and in some cases fathers!

One young fellow he knows is a Christian, about twenty-two years old; he has never yet fetched his wife home: she is thirteen and is still dwelling in her own village; if he gets a divorce, the poor girl is then considered a widow and her lot is a hard one; if he takes her to live with him and she is not converted to Christianity there would be perpetual household difficulties; for instance, she could not eat his food, he could not touch hers, as it would then become unclean, and so on. Amongst the Hindoos it is not etiquette for a man to speak to his wife in the presence of others, and as in the day she is always with her mother-in-law and sisters-in-law in the women's apartments, no real companionship can consequently exist between a young couple; the wife of the man is his only in so far as the functions of wife and mother are concerned. Otherwise, she belongs to the heads of the house, *i.e.*, the man's mother and father.

We agreed in hoping that the purdah women would not come into public till they were more educated, the mere pushing themselves forward and unveiling themselves was not what we wanted of them.

I think it is very fine of these six men to give themselves as they are doing to the work of elevating the character of the native, it must be a very uphill work, and what must be galling at times is the want of faith the natives have in really honourable disinterested motive, it makes the task very difficult to teach them to be

honourable and upright: many think that these university men have come to India to economise! As most, if not all, the advanced students understand and read English and are very fond of novels, it is of great importance that the books they read should be descriptive of healthy, English family life. Very inferior books, both morally and intellectually, constantly get into their hands, which must make them say to themselves, "Judging by what we read, *is* Western life and civilization so much better than ours?" I am glad to have come across these two members of the Cambridge University Mission and wish we could have dined with the whole band to-night.

Monday, February 4th.—Went for a long drive this morning, passed several mosques, tombs and ruins, a few plantations of hollyhocks; saw some women with thick veils over their faces in which were pieces of glass for eye-holes!

We don't often see here picturesque native carriages, the gentlemen, who wear black boots like Englishmen, preferring to drive in English dog-carts, and the native ladies in closely shut palanquins.

We drove along a dusty road, with bright sky and sunshine certainly, but oh! such a cutting wind! We wrapped our rugs well round us; this dreadful weather has hindered our enjoyment very much, our hotel rooms, too, are so gloomy; however, to our drive. We alighted first to look at Sufter Jung's tomb, which I hear is built rather like the Taj at Agra, but not nearly so large, and then we went several miles on to Kootub Minar, which is said to be the highest pillar in the world, standing more than 238 feet above the ground. There is still some doubt as to whether it was originally begun by the Hindoos, but that it was finished by Mahometans is certain (perhaps in the year 1235), on account of the carved inscriptions on it, which are from the Koran. There are five galleries outside and R. ascended to the top. Close to the Minar is the Mosque of Kootub-ool-Islam, and round the

courtyard belonging to it are pillars taken from Hindoo temples, and arranged under flat roofing. The Mahometans, objecting to figures in decoration and of course scorning Hindoo deities, destroyed or defaced the idols, but left the other sculptural ornamentation, which is extremely beautiful and elaborate. Quite close, is the tomb of Shumsh-oodeen-Altomsh ; R. admired it very much ; considering its age and exposure (it has no ceiling), it is in wonderful preservation, beautifully decorated and built of marble and red sandstone. Ala-oodeen's gateway we saw next ; the most remarkable thing about which is the ingenious way in which the square base is made to change into an octagon to support the walls and ceiling. We had lunch sheltered from the wind under an old wall, and then, after looking at the long narrow iron pillar, one of the most curious monuments in India, we drove back, getting out to see the Old Fort called Purana Kila (Kila meaning fort). Beggars and hangers on, a horrid nuisance, "no peace," as R. says. Within the walls there is a shabby, dirty village; there is also to see the Keela Kona mosque and the Sher Mundil, a lofty, octagonal building, R. went to the top of it, as he does to most things when he is able! The mosques and buildings are in some ways more beautiful than at Bijapur, but we cannot help comparing the two stays, Bijapur having by far the preference ! The wind so cold ! and strong ; as next to no sun gets into our room we keep up our nice wood fire, for which Kanji brings in great logs. We have wandered in the Chandi Chouk, the principal street in Delhi, and have been in the Queen's Gardens once or twice ; in one clump of trees in some other gardens we saw a lot of monkeys.

Laurie's Hotel, Agra, 9.30 *p.m.*, *5th Feb.*—Notes on the railway journey.—Started from Delhi by train leaving at 1.23 p.m. Before leaving, a man came to the verandah and did some conjuring tricks, nothing much out of the way. After chotahazri we had a walk on the walls and bastions, and through bazaar, and watched clever

fingers at work, men painting lids of toy boxes, others setting bangles with false jewels, scraping a little hole in the bangle, putting in some coloured tinsel and then pieces of glass; and then there was the embroidering and spangling of cottons and stuffs, etc. Saw a camel harnessed to a cart—a funny sight. Saw several women with those queer, long white cloaks covering them all up, faces included, with little laced eyelet holes, or pieces of glass to see out of! Saw a little shop with several men playing native instruments, drum as usual predominant; saw a leper boy. Shaderea station. Ganziabad, a junction for Lahore. A lot of things being sold on the platform. Little turban caps, much worn by men and boys, sometimes made of cloth embroidered, sometimes silk or velvet, or poorer materials. Chola station.—New sort of spikey hedge (what is it?) I often see now the dear prickly pear, reminds me of Bijapur. See occasionally very tall slender grey birds in fields marching about in pairs. Saw pigs for the first time, small sort, and hairy. Jackals. Mud hut villages. Khurga station. Dama station. Alegarh.—Great crowds on what looked like a race course, carriages, horses, elephants, etc., Pali station. Hathras station.—Plenty of oranges always to be had now. Jungla station.—We dined there and changed trains. R. bought some more old pice from a man. Quantities of sweets being sold constantly.

Wednesday, 6*th February*, *Agra.*—We have been to the Fort, which, as usual, encloses other buildings, once occupied by the old Emperors, their suites and followers; in the case of Agra as compared with Delhi they are in excellent preservation. The Mote Musjid, or Pearl Mosque, is an exquisite little piece of architecture, situated on a red sandstone platform, and with perfectly proportioned pure white domes. The Dewan-i-Am, or Audience Hall of the Moguls, was noticeable, and near we saw the curious little Palace of Glass, or Shish Mahal, really a bath-room, adorned with pieces of glass, over which were in some parts lattice work of

marble or chunam. After passing by other interesting portions of the building, we came to an old red sandstone part where we remarked much of the Hindoo style of architecture.

On the floors of some of the passages were zigzag patterns of dark or black marble let in, over which water used to be made to flow; these patterns were to give the effect of waves to the water. In some of the outer galleries from which we had good views of the surrounding country, the river Jumna and the great Taj Mehal, we found some men repairing some of the inlaid marble, and it was interesting to watch them. The outline of the design is drawn on the marble, which is hollowed out to the requisite depth, then the pieces of stone or pebble (for economy's sake glass is often used now) is chiselled to the right shape, and it is fastened into the hollow with the strong, white cement: a piece of glass is put on, at the top of which some burning fuel is placed. After a short time, this with the glass is removed, and the whole surface is polished; if well done the cement ought not to be visible at all.

There is a great deal of green in the landscape here; there are so many trees. After lunch we drove to the Taj, a mausoleum built by the Emperor Shah Jehan, in memory of his wife, Ajumand Banu Begum: her tomb was placed within it, and afterwards that of her husband. The interior inlaid decoration is said to have been designed by, and mostly carried out under the guidance of a Venetian named Geronimo Verroneo; a Byzantine Turk and a French artist had somewhat to do with its completion. In the designs on the tombs themselves we saw amongst the agates and cornelians, and lapis lazule, a few turquoises, there were some small empty places here and there, and the man in charge said, they used to contain rubies and emeralds, and other precious stones, but that they had been chipped out by impecunious Rajahs in times gone by.

The best view of the Taj is from the top of the gateway, which is at the beginning of two great rows of

dark cypress trees: between these runs a stream of water, through a well kept garden, and at the end rises the building standing clear and pure against the sky: we ought to see it by moonlight when the effect is considered peculiarly beautiful. In my humble opinion the Taj is almost perfect when taken in detail and also when it is looked at from a long distance, when its pearly whiteness looks ethereal and other-worldly, but looking at it closer, but yet not close enough to judge of its ornamentation, I must allow myself to question the judgments of critics who consider it absolutely perfect.

Thousands and thousands of bats were in the dome, like so many evil ones; the sun was blazing, and the sky cloudless; of course, a plague of guides and people to sell things; hardly any understand English. Coming back, we went through the bazaar, saw a man with tinsel paper and ornaments over his head accompanied by some women; "making a marriage" was the explanation that Kanji gave us, the adorned young man being the bridegroom.

I am beginning to see too much; I really can't take in much more at present, and shall be glad of a lull at Suri.

Nice tesselated floors in dining and sitting rooms here. We passed over pontoon bridge this morning, made of enormous hollow iron tubes. I have seen boys and men wearing embroidered white muslin little flat turbans. Oh! what a wonderful time this is!

Thursday, February 7th.—We have been to Futtepur Sikri, about twenty-three miles distant; we changed horses on the way, drove along flat roads bordered by thick foliaged tamarind and other trees. The old towns of Futtepur and Sikri themselves are in ruins, but the palace, mosque, and tombs are preserved, several days could well be spent in exploring, but we had only an hour or two. We engaged a solemn young Mahometan guide, who was on the watch for visitors, but we did not gather much information from him.

His English was scanty and like most guides he was unable to answer questions with anything like reliable accuracy. About one thing, however, he was quite sure, which was that his pedigree was a noble one, as he was directly descended from Mahomet! He also had an accurate story to account for a child's tomb at the back of the great mosque, which was as follows: The childless and disconsolate Emperor Akbar visited a devout hermit who possessed a boy of ten months old. The child listened to the conversation, and then, when the monarch had departed, announced to his astonished parent that he would die so that his prince should have an heir. He then expired, and some months afterwards a son was born to the Emperor!

Liberal opinions as regards religion were supposed to be an attribute of the Emperor, and he had three wives, a Mahometan, a Hindoo and a Christian: the palace belonging to the Hindoo had elaborately carved upright pillars. In the extreme courtyard there were paving-stones curiously marked in patterns; it was formerly used for a certain game which Akbar used to play with real men, I forget the name of it; it wasn't chess. The size and magnificence of the principal mosque are apparently lessened by the gateway leading to it, which is an enormous structure in itself. We saw at the top moving black masses, which turned out to be bees.

The outer screen of one of the tombs which we passed when going to the mosque is of such finely worked white marble that it reminded us of lace.

A curious building of five stories, everyone being smaller than the one below it, is said to have been the royal children's nursery; in the detailed sculptural ornamentation were fantastically carved pillars, devices of men plucking fruit, elephants fighting, and so on; these again are a sign of the breadth of the Emperor Akbar's religious views, as no orthodox Mahometan would have allowed so much representation of the human and animal figure. We saw several other

buildings, galleries, houses and tombs, and then we sat down to look at the scenery around; the views were pretty, blue hills rising in the far distance, and groves of trees growing near; many birds flew about, amongst them the funny little hoopoe, with its golden crest and long bill, and for a few moments we watched some men and boys plunge into a tank from some walls: two leapt the distance of eighty feet! They do not dive head foremost, but come down on their feet with a huge splash; of course, they all ran to us clamouring for "backsheesh" afterwards.

Plenty of wretched looking dogs in Agra and elsewhere: pariah dogs apparently having no particular owner and presenting a dreadfully forlorn appearance; this neglect of animals goes strangely side by side with an intense dislike to kill anything; a man, who perhaps twists the tail of his bullock most cruelly to make him walk the way he wishes, who takes no trouble to provide food or drink for wretched dogs, and will work horses and bullocks suffering fearfully from sores, will perhaps think it wrong to take the life direct from any of these or other beasts, though indirectly, of course, he is hastening their deaths.

The weather is invigorating and delightful, glorious sunshine and sweet fresh breeze: the weather of Delhi is like a bad dream to us now. On some of the stalls in a street I saw some empty "Day & Martin" blacking cases, and some biscuit tins for sale, these poor people utilize everything, not a straw is wasted.

A propos of inlaying work I will copy a few lines from H. G. Keene's handbook to Agra. Much of what is said, I had thought, and it is pleasant to find one's views arranged for one in compact language!

"The Hindoo mind is so docile and receptive, that there is a danger of their arts being corrupted by intercourse with those from whom they are learning lessons in the practical sciences and their application.

"The vulgar maxim that time is money, and the vain craving for obvious utility of the pedestrian kind, are

spoiling art in England, and if not jealously guarded against, will spoil it here. A friend writes on this point, 'admitting that what has been called manubat was originally applied to geometric patterns only, it seems almost to have deserted them now, if you are to judge by the Agra workshops. The difference between the older or "Taj" work, and that which seems now to be coming into vogue, is that the former is symmetrical, and has a certain amount of stiffness in consequence, while the latter strives rather to follow the natural forms and irregular dispositions of flowers, butterflies and birds. Except in minuteness of finish, I see no difference between the present work and the flat pietra dura of Florence. This is a sad result of European interference.'"

I am thinking a good deal of art in India: I know next to nothing about it, but one has an instinct towards the good I hope. I wish that people really understanding art, and the language, would explain to the people how really fine and splendid their old art is, and how they must *not* imitate the bad in English styles.

If they are not able to see the good in our art, to judge of the best in our galleries, cathedrals, etc., then let them refuse to have to do with English art altogether and keep to their own, imitate their own; and not introduce inferior "copies" into their drawing schools for instance, such as I saw at Jeypore.

February 9th.—Benares.—Copy of notes taken on the railway journey.—Started from Agra 6 p.m. last night. In the morning we had walked to the bazaar and pottered about; pestered by beggars as usual. In the afternoon read newspapers in the verandah, while the men with things to sell tried to entice us to buy of their goods, inlaid boxes and trays, embroidery, soapstone carvings, etc.; it is an odd thing, the patience with which they sit and sit, when no one is there, and then the way they jump up immediately an incautious person lets them see he is looking at the things; there seems to be no regular price for their wares, there is

always the bothersome bargaining. I read in a newspaper that Ouida has been taking the part of the cuckoo, which she avers does an enormous amount of good; she quotes a German naturalist who said that in one year, in a part of Germany, some cuckoos utterly destroyed a plague of caterpillars.

Saw a man on way to Agra station printing on cotton with a sort of wooden pad, on which was the pattern, and he dipped it into the colour required. Two women at Agra station with close-drawn sarees and holding up gauze masks in front of their faces, haven't seen those before. A great many men about here wear long coats, narrow trowsers and small turbans or round caps. I have been told lately that rice was very scarce amongst the people at Jeypore; as a matter of fact, I have not seen rice being sold in any of the bazaars or markets. Dined at Timla, where we dined before, on our way to Agra. Weather delightful, coolish breeze, but not *cold* or strong, and delicious sunshine. Two ladies in carriage with me come from Central India.

Bhawar station.—Cornfields and small bushes, are they cotton? Manawu station.—Rough snouted pigs I see. I do wish I could see some wild beasts. Brickfields, brick-making. Allahabad station.—The two ladies got out here. I have had a nice night on the whole, have slept a good deal. R. tells me (we are together again) that in his carriage was the prime minister (native of course) of the native state of Tonk, in Rajputana, he had some chat with R. and said how the English resident officials would hardly notice him and that he received more courtesy from casual visitors to India, like R.; he seemed interested in English affairs, political parties, etc. etc. I see men with bare heads, black shoes and big shawls thrown round them, of what sect or caste are they? A good many nice looking native men. Several sky pilots. Plenty of trees in Allahabad. We are crossing a bridge, beautiful green Jumna river. Corn literally growing to the

water's edge. Naini Station.—Passed over a river, is it the Jumna again? Meja road station.—Peasant women's dresses in the fields seem different from what we have seen, the saree more like the Bijapur saree, only generally white, and not arranged quite in the same manner. Fertile country so far, corn and lots of plantations of small growing things of which I don't know the names. Great expanses of green corn with apparently no divisions to the fields. Trees and pools. Prettily situated village near where a station is being built, tank, trees, etc. I see a bridge over a stream, and some temples. Mirzapore station.—Rugs for sale on the platform, pretty some of them, patterns of good design. Crows on the telegraph wires. Natives can't pronounce two consonants together, for instance instead of saying star, they would say, istar. Big sunflower at a railway station. Chunar station.—A lot of that lilac flower sort of creeper which Miss P—y has in her compound. Earthenware pots, etc., slightly decorated, being sold on platform, and toys, etc., and a glittering sort of ware, clumsily made and not pretty, can it be Indian?

Cemetery, palm-trees, tank, hill with building looking like a fort on top. Was that a dead body under a tree with a wreath of flowers round his neck? A little plantation of marigolds. Moghalsari station.—Pertinacious man begging behind railing. A peasant woman's lot must be a hard one, care of children, outdoor labour, and the cooking, what there is; however, there is not much needlework required. No stockings to mend! Is there any sect or caste rule about shaving men's heads, some of them have their heads shaved so curiously, a sort of line of bald down the middle. Near Benares station, river Ganges so blue. Benares beautiful from bridge; we go on to Benares cantonments station, about four miles from Benares proper. Here we are at Clarke's hotel, food promises to be not good if we are to judge by our tiffin.

We have found the Australians, the M—rs here.

Glorious day, pleasanter bedroom than at hotels usually, there are real windows. Generally the hotel rooms are built without windows, that is, to look out of, there are one or two little ones high up; hot sun is what people want to keep out in the hot season, and the rooms are mostly built for that. R. is studying a guide-book to Benares. Hanuman is the monkey god. Gunputti or Ganesh is Shiva's son: Krishna's wife is Heradha.

Evening.—We have been for a drive and took a guide, he really was necessary this time: such a labyrinth of narrow streets (one could have shaken hands across some of them!) full of beggars and nasty people. Such dirty temples, one, the Annapurna or Cow temple, was at the end of a dark alley, and at the top of some grimy steps; inside it were cows, sacred ones, which live there and feed on the flowers and food provided by the pilgrims and priests; it contains four celebrated shrines, and is the dirtiest and holiest Hindoo edifice of the district! The outside roof of another temple, the Bisheswar Nath, is covered with gold-leaf, and near it is the Gyan Balfi, a well of traditional fame, into which devout worshippers throw offerings of flowers and rice; the water is drunk by them, and they pay for every spoonful!

On the whole, after all we had heard about the dirt in India, we have been agreeably surprised with the streets in the towns, but these streets in which the temples are, are filthy, and as Benares is the chief centre of idolatory in India, and a great place for pilgrimage, and many come for their health, hoping to get cured of complaints, there were many diseased-looking people. There were several little brass-ware shops, where I should have liked to have stopped a little while, and there were men making sacred (!) threads and bands, and there were rosaries, chiefly made of beads, being sold, but the smells and the dirty people who got round us were too much and we left. Such a mess and a crowd, it seemed so degrading; I was disgusted and was not in the mood to find

out the poetry, or recognise any poetry in it. I must read Edwin Arnold's chapter on Benares again! We drove through some bazaar streets (we had to walk in the narrow temple streets) and saw men at the brass work for which Benares is so well known; I do enjoy seeing handiwork: it is so interesting. We went down and along the Steps near the Ganges; they are becoming very dilapidated on account of the rising of the river during the monsoon. No bathing going on. Oh! so dirty; the Steps, the people, everything!

In the bazaar, on the first floor of several of the houses, we saw a great many Nautch girls, clean faced they looked, and much adorned; we could only see their heads and shoulders; they were chattering and smiling.

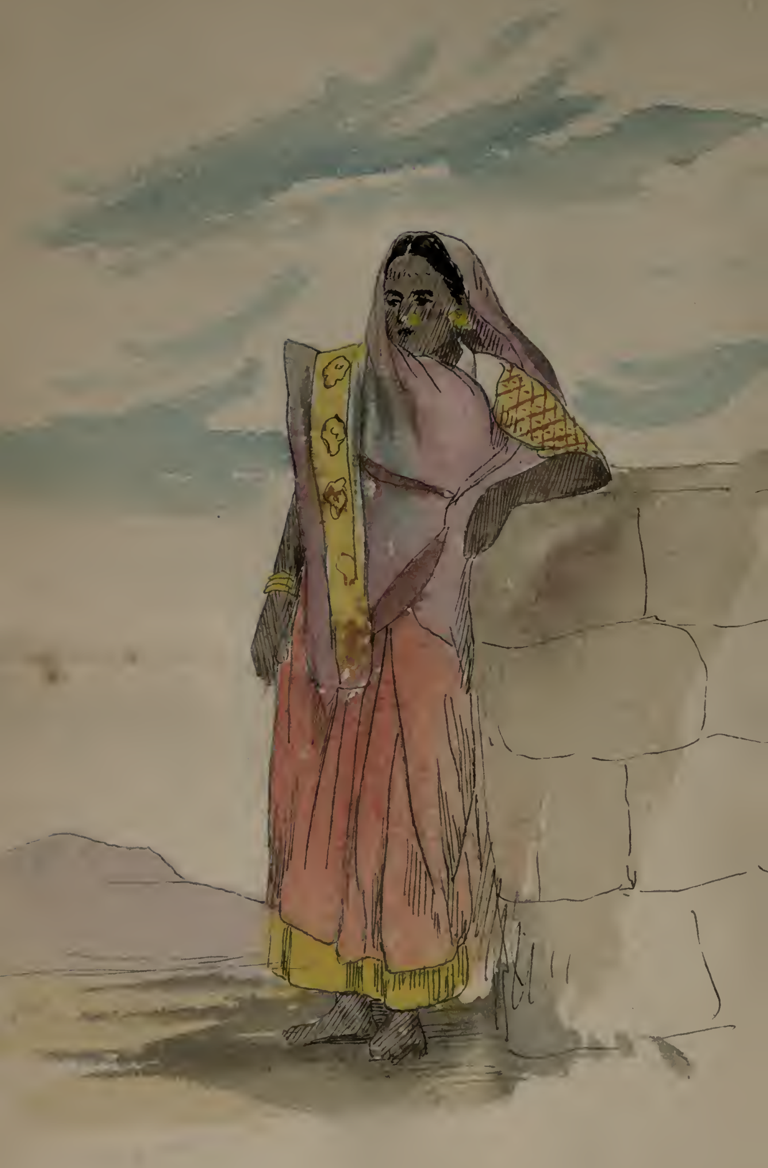
We paid a visit to the Man Mandira observatory, erected by Nana Sinha, the Rajah of Ambheri, and we had glimpses of English buildings, the Queen's College, the Prince of Wales's hospital, built to commemorate the prince's visit in 1876, and the Town Hall, built in honour of the Duke of Edinburgh's visit in 1870.

Talking of Rajahs, the Maharajah of Jeypore has a house here, in which he stays when he visits Benares. We were told that many of the Rajahs give money to special temples, some of which goes to the beggars who swarm about; a very bad system.

Sunday, *February* 10*th*.—The jackals *were* close last night; they seemed under our very windows; their noise is very harsh and weird. Kanji has asked for a holiday for some hours to visit his "Hindoo Church" as he calls it. I quite dislike the thought of our nice "boy" Kanji, mixing himself up with all the superstitious degradation of the place.

Such an uncommon morning we have had. After chota hazri at 6.30 we drove down to the banks of the river, where our guide met us, he had engaged a boat, a queer, clumsy-looking affair, with a sort of big ledge at the top, on which were two straw chairs and a stool: we sat on the former, he on the latter behind us (we

The Dhamek near Benares,
where Bhuddha first
publicly preached
his doctrine.



can see people making these chairs and also palm-leaf fans and other pretty simple work). We were rowed up the river to the end of the town one way, and then down the other way as far as the railway bridge; the tall minars of the large mosque glistening in the sunlight, above the temples and palaces, and houses. A most extraordinary sight indeed, thousands and thousands of pilgrims from all parts of India standing knee-deep, waist deep, and neck deep in the water, muttering prayers, throwing flowers down, and then, after doing that, stepping out and giving food and money to the sleek, fat, Brahmin priests who were seated on platforms at regular intervals along the Bathing Ghauts or Steps! Benares ladies and others who are "purdah," come down before it is light, to bathe. There are divisions to divide the two sexes, also to sub-divide those into their various races and castes; all the people bathe with their clothes on, they bathe as a religious exercise, hoping to have their bodies cured or their wishes granted. It is said that all the Benares Hindoos bathe every morning, if so, the Ganges water is totally ineffectual in making them clean.

It was touching and awfully sad, to see quite old women standing in the cold water (because the weather *is* coldish early in the morning, just now) in their dripping garments praying; poor things! how fearfully bad for their health, and then, perhaps, they would sit awhile on the cold, wet stones and go in again! While watching the curious scene, we saw men bearing the dead body of a Hindu to the water's edge, where they laid it. They were crying, "Ram, Ram, Ram, sat hai." "Ram is the self-existent one." A funeral pile of wood was built up, and if we had waited till the evening we should have seen the first-born son, or nearest male relation, light the pile. When the corpse was burned the ashes would be thrown into the Ganges. Drains flow into the river near the Bathing and Burning Ghauts, and it was not wholesome to linger, so after

watching boats full of pilgrims coming and going away we landed, and while walking up the bank we met men bringing down gaily adorned water pots slung on bamboo sticks; they were coming to get water from the sacred river, which, perhaps, they would carry many miles to be offered to some idol or other. We noticed some men on high balconies doing gymnastic exercises, wrestling, wielding clubs, etc., these must have to do with religious rites, as we saw on more than one occasion men performing extraordinary bodily contortions in front of little temple shrines.

Many people come to spend their last days in Benares, believing that their life after death will be all the happier from their having done so. We drove back past where men were making little boxes to be lacquered afterwards, and we went into a picture shop and bought some talck and paper pictures of costumes; the man showed us some of his paintings on ivory, of gods and rajahs; some very well done, from the microscopic point of view.

Evening.—Just returned from an unsatisfactory sort of excursion; we thought we would keep a guide here, and he made a bad "bunderbuss." We had had enough of the river this morning, and then he arranged a long five miles on the river this afternoon, to see a palace called Ramnagur, not worth a quarter of the trouble; and we were so exposed to the sun on the boat. We had a vague notion that we were just to cross the river in the boat, instead of which there was this long journey up; part of the way two men had to walk along the shore tugging the boat. We were shown a few rooms, nothing to see in them except a few musical toys, coloured oleographs, and faded photographs; one little balcony and marble table were rather pretty, but really nothing to speak of; it was the same, only rather worse, at the Palace of Belapur, belonging to the Maharajah Viziernagram, which we had been to see earlier in the afternoon; he had ugly English carpets and pictures; both houses looked

tawdry and without taste. In Belapur we also visited a temple dedicated to Durgah, one of whose other names is Kali, the goddess of revenge and bloodshed; the blood of goats and rams, and sometimes bullocks, is offered to her; formerly, human beings were sacrificed. Gambolling about the place we saw a lot of monkeys, which, on account of the services done by their king, Hanuman, to Ram, are considered sacred animals in many parts of India. Those at the temple I have just mentioned increased in number to such an enormous extent a few years ago, that many of them had to be caught and carried off to a distant jungle, where they were let loose. Garlands of flowers were presented to us, which of course we were expected to pay for. This love of flowers is a remarkable trait amongst the Indians; on all ceremonial occasions, funerals, weddings, etc., flowers are plentifully used, and immense quantities are offered in the temples, particularly the fragrant chumpak or temple flower, which has an exquisite scent when quite fresh; for decoration the stalks and leaves are generally taken off, and the blossoms strung on thread and made into festoons and wreaths, and compact little bouquets.

R. saw a tortoise on the river. Some of the men with bare heads wear their mantles like Roman togas.

February 11th. I was wondering whether the men with bare heads and toga-like dress might be Bengalees, and I see in Edwin Arnold's lines on Calcutta in "India Revisited," that it is so; here is what he says, "The Bengalee men, in appearance exactly like ancient Romans with their toga-like garments and bare, black heads, but really the most unwarlike race in the world."

I wonder if I have mentioned that in the Mount Abu district, Bhils live; they are of generally small stature; the men who carried me in my dandy were small, but R. does not think they were Bhils. I heard rain last night, and it was showery this morning; it is now two o'clock. After early breakfast we drove

to Sarnath, about five miles from Benares' cantonments, through mango plantations, and fields of dulsie, corn, sugar cane, pumpkin and indigo; we should like to have seen something of the manufacture of this last, but we are not at the right time of year. We crossed the Barna river, passing several native carriages drawn by ponies or horses, not bullocks, and with a curious shaped ornament on the neck harness; it seems common on the native carriages here. As usual, saw a lot of women rubbing up and cleaning their brass pots and pans; the people seem very industrious, but accomplish very little, it seems to me.

There are ancient Buddhistic remains at Sarnath; the Dhamek is on the place where Buddha first definitely preached the new doctrine; it is a tower 110 feet high, partly made of chunar stone and partly of brick, the lower part beautifully carved; on one side we distinguished faint signs of gold leaf, which we were told a devout Rajah had rubbed on in large quantities many years before. Near by were ruins of a Buddhist monastery and neglected tanks where the master and his disciples used to bathe. There is a Jain temple not far off, wherein is a statue of Buddha, but the worship is Hinduistic and a Brahmin priest conducts it.

Beggars a nuisance; tourists must encourage their talent, because at Bijapur we had nothing of it, and the people were as poor there as elsewhere.

We were back by ten o'clock and had proper breakfast and then went out again to see the temple of Bhaironath, which is the only one where a dog is considered sacred, and one was in the building! Bhaironath is a local deity and is supposed to ride about on a dog. We then went through filthy alleys and paths, and into a merchant's rooms to see specimens of the beautiful Benares gold and silver thread material woven with silk, called Kincob, very costly, used for rich native people's turbans, sarees, and dress borders; also some other fabrics and some jewellery were shown to us in a dirty, dark, courtyard, in which were two cows, and birds

in cages, and a dozen men or so squatted on a ledge. How presumably respectable people (and in this case the man was wealthy too) could live in such dirt, I can't imagine, nothing looked clean, except the stuffs themselves which were brought out from a cupboard.

In some streets, we passed the silver thread makers at work, it can be made and drawn out as fine as silk, according to the style of work it is required for ; if only there were not so much filth one would like much to linger at those places and watch the deft fingers at work.

On the verandah, to-day, we saw another juggler, a better one than the last, amongst other things he did was the mango trick, but evidently he was not as good as others I had heard of; there was much more of arrangements, curtain in front, and so on.

Night.—Drove out for the third time to-day; no more rain fell. We went into the bazaar, pestered by one man who would follow us everywhere ; when we said "gao, gao," "go away," all he answered was "atcha, atcha," "all right," and when he had bothered us so much that we were literally forced to leave, he had the cheek to ask for backsheesh !

We were driving along a narrow way, and in front we saw a camel and a boy on it, and then a gaily decked-out litter, with flags and bright materials, on which was a dead body; we were told it was that of a high caste native, and it was going to the Ghauts to be burned ; directly a person dies here the body is taken out of the house. The procession went on and on, into the centre bazaar ; there, crowds were thronging, and windows and doors were crammed with people, some of whom threw copper coins out and boys caught them in their market baskets ; the boy on the camel, or else the man who was leading it, threw money amongst the populace. The dead bodies are usually covered with flowers, there was very little of the dismal about the procession ; no black horses, crape bands and black carriages ; but white garments, flowers and flags, and the incessant cry, "Ram, Ram, Ram, sat hai !"

February 12th, Tuesday.—Did not get up till nearly nine o'clock this morning. After a ten o'clock breakfast we walked into the town and back, amongst the streets and alleys; we were not bothered much by beggars, chiefly, I think, because we had no carriage with us. The sun was very hot, of course, but I liked the walk; we have driven so much and I enjoyed the exercise in the pleasant soft breeze.

We bought some lacquered boxes and wooden clogs, and met funeral processions, the bearers with their swinging trot movement and calling out "Ram," etc. We have seen a few people wearing clogs, not many; they do it when the roads are muddy, I think.

R. saw a woman carrying a load of wood on her head, a piece dropped off, and she lifted it up with two of her toes, and put it into her hand that way!

This afternoon we went for an hour and a half's drive round about, along avenues of mango trees; saw a large new tank being made; saw soldiers being drilled. Sweet breeze. Saw kites swooping down for food, they don't alight on the ground, but bear the stuff away and eat it in the air.

February 14th.—Suri.—Our train started from Benares about 10.30 on the 13th, Wednesday. Before we started, chatted with Mrs. M—d, her husband is doctor to the regiment there. At Benares river station saw pilgrims returning up from the river.

We did not ask people for introductions while we were in India, and really we have stayed at the places such a short time we should have hardly got people in; buildings and sights have fully occupied our time, but I do want to meet some natives to talk to, and see something of their homes.

I had a bad, feverish night, splitting headache and was incapable of eating anything; I could not take any notes during my journey, I felt so demoralized somehow, so irritable and uncaring about anything.

We arrived at Sainthia station soon after five a.m. E—d had ordered tea to be ready for us in the waiting

room, and then we had a fourteen miles' drive or so, pretty country, hills in distance ; passed palm trees and tanks.

E—d and K—y met us in the front verandah ; we washed and dressed and unpacked, and had breakfast at eleven o'clock.

Between 12 and 1 o'clock K—y and I went to call on the doctor's wife, Mrs. F—e, and a Miss P—ry, sister of the engineer for railway works here ; there are no other ladies belonging to the station. K—y seems very happy, she has been out camping with E—d and she went for a week to races and balls at Berampore, where, of course, she enjoyed herself.

It is so pleasant to see albums of photos of home people in E—d's drawing-room, and pictures about, that one knew in old times. Found plenty of letters awaiting us, so welcome. My first steps led to the garden where, near our English roses and pretty pansies and nasturtiums, are pots of pure white eucharis, and trailing red hibiscus, and there are crotons and other variegated-leaved plants, coleuses amongst them. According to our experience, English garden flowers don't look very flourishing in Indian gardens, perhaps it is the want of rest in a way. The outside af the bungalow is painted red and there is a great deal of blue inside, so gaiety of colouring is not wanting. The garden opens out on to a wide space of bare ground, which in its turn leads to paddy or rice fields, and there are tanks surrounded by palm trees.

February 15th.—Very hot ; I chota hazried about eight o'clock, and then pottered about, went into kitchen garden, which seems to produce a lot of vegetables ; had a long talk with E—d in his library ; a man came to interview him, a native, I stayed all the time. He put his hands together in the attitude of prayer ; natives do that very often, when they address officials or those above them in rank. We had much chat last night about native ways. It is so amusing when they say, "You are my father and my mother !" E—d was going along a road one day and a child cried when he saw

him and E—d said, "Oh! why are you frightened, see that lady (showing a native who was walking past) is not frightened."

"No, why should I be frightened," she said. "You are my father and my mother!"

I am becoming aware of the large number of servants required even in a bachelor's establishment, more, I hear, on the Bengal than on the Bombay side; I count eight indoor servants, and besides these, there are syces or grooms, chooprassies or messengers, malis or gardeners, and others, besides K—y's two women servants. The station is a small one; only K—y and E—d; the Judge, Mr. W—e; the head of the police, Mr. S—r; and Dr. and Mrs. F—e. The other English people are Mr. P—ry, the engineer for railway works, and his sister; Mr. T—r, also an engineer, and a Mr. M—r, a Baptist missionary, and his family; there is a church built by young Mr. T—r's father, but it is very rarely used. Mr. T—r sleeps in a tent near this bungalow; he was dining here last night, reminds me a little bit of Mr. H. S. Mr. S—r called to-day. E—d is taking R. to make a few calls; it is the custom in India for strangers first to call on those already here. It is very hot; bitten by a mosquito last night, R. scoffs, he is not bitten, "he jests at scars who never felt a wound!" Lemon grass oil somewhat prevents the attack, but it has a very strong scent. Felt flat all day, physically, hope to be all right to-morrow; remains of fever, I suppose, if fever it was. Mr. T—r here at dinner; generally comes I believe. Small catches and jokes going on in the verandah; I am in my nice big room, opening out on to it. A French joke, and then the one we had on the "Peninsular:" "How can you prove a lie is nothing? A lie is a story, a story is a tale, a tail is a brush, a brush is a broom, a brougham is a carriage, a carriage is a trap, a trap is a gin, gin is a spirit, a spirit is a ghost, and a ghost is——nothing!" "How can you divide two by five and make the answer a 1,000? M is the answer. Saw fireflies as usual this

evening; beautiful moon. Am reading "Seeta," by Colonel Meadows Taylor. E—d. showed us at dinner some really lovely Venetian small champagne tumblers he had bought at Venice; his khitmatgur brought them out with great pride. A beautiful red blossomed tree is the silk cotton tree; several trees about here.

Feb. 16*th.*—I tried to sketch to-day; my first knowledge of a chooprassie was in this wise: I thought I would carry a chair to a nice place I saw near; however, English ladies in India not being apparently allowed to do anything for themselves, a chooprassie was called, in his turn he called a coolie (of whom there are generally several about) who carried it; the chooprassie walking in a stately manner behind to see that he did his job properly! Mr. W—e called to-day, also Dr. and Mrs. F—e; she is a bride. Mr. W—e has again sent his barouche for us to drive in; it is very kind of him. I feel better, but not right yet. Saw natives playing cricket. K—y went to tennis ground; there is playing there nearly every evening.

Holkar comes of the cow-keeper's caste, Kutch Behar has no caste.

Sunday Feb. 17*th.*—Sketched between the two breakfasts, and R. went for a walk again; he saw a long black snake; he finds out everything. It is certainly very hot now. Pretty birds about. Saw two jackals quite close to us last night. Drive in E—d's tum-tum, or dog cart; all four of us! Parts of the roads rather rough, but on the whole, good. Passed through village of Cuddia; there is a want of picturesqueness as compared with Bombay and the North West in most of the Bengal towns and hamlets; occasionally red garments are seen, but generally Bengalee men and women wear white, dull clothes, and what adds to their peculiarity, but takes away from varied effect, is the almost constant custom of the men going bareheaded. We saw plenty of palm-surrounded tanks; it is a religious act of merit amongst the Hindoos to sink a tank, only second to that of building a temple; the water of them

is often by no means of the cleanest, being used in many cases for the purposes of bathing and of washing clothes and household utensils. Unfortunately for the health of the people, the water from the same tanks is often drunk by men, women and children!

Indian huts are generally built close together, not only for economy of ground, but for protection against wild beasts, but of such there are not many in this district, and none, I believe, to be really frightened of.

I am picking up much information, but don't feel energetic about writing. High wind rising. "Hoozroor" means "your excellency."

Monday.—The gardener has brought me a handful of those bright, little, red seeds like lady-birds. Cloudy sky. A few drops of rain. After chota hazri we paid a visit to a school for daughters of Hindoo and Mahometan gentlemen. They were, most of them, bright and intelligent looking, under the care of an eager native master; some quite small girls in another room were taught by two women. The eldest girl in the whole school was not over eleven years old! At that age they are usually married and not seen in public again. It is only within recent years there have been schools for girls at all; the growth of them, though slow, is a sure sign of the future gradual emancipation of Indian women, as it is hardly likely that girls who have been accustomed to go out-of-doors to school will consent uncomplainingly to be shut up; protests they will make, which in the end must have some effect. At present the percentage of girls who receive education at school is very small. These girls had evidently been told the day before that visitors were expected; they were dressed in very gay costumes and wore numerous nose and ear-rings, and bangles. We asked them what they would do if a holiday were given to them? They answered solemnly, that they would "read and learn." E—d said that was the reply to be expected; the native idea of answering a question is not to tell the truth whatever the truth may be, but to say what

he or she thinks the questioner would like. Some of the girls had done some ugly wool work. I could not admire it, but said to the Baboo that it was "very carefully done."

Night.—E—d's dinner party has gone off very well, Dr. and Mrs. F—e, Mr. T—r, Mr. and Miss P—ry, and Mr. W—e came. E—d got ice and fruit up from Calcutta. Short thunderstorm this evening; it has been rather close all day. We went to tennis-ground; it is in the Judge's compound. The huts seem to be built with higher walls than in other country districts we have been in.

Tuesday, February 19th.—Cloudyish most of to-day. Had a turn with R. this morning and made another attempt at a sketch. Mr. W—e again sent his carriage for us. Mr. T—r has been amusing us by tying knots in string and miraculously untying them again; hand shadows, &c.! Have begun the "Poison Tree," by Bankim Chandra Chatterjee, translated by Miriam S. Knight. Gathered to-day two branches of that rich, orange, velvetty hook-shaped flower; Mr. P—n got some at Khandala, the sheaths of the flowers are very dark, soft green.

Wednesday, 20th.—Such a splendid day, bright, blue sky, and white clouds floating slowly, hills in distance extremely clear. In the morning E—d drove us to Cuddia, where red and biscuit-coloured tussore silk is made, and we went into one of the huts where a weaver was working sitting on the ground; the treadle of the machine was below him in front, in a hole, so only the upper part of his body was at first visible; we were told he could make about five yards a day; one wonders that they can turn out anything clean amongst such dirty surroundings. On returning I found another sketching place and was left alone. Soon a girl came and shyly looked at me; she was carrying a baby whose eyes looked simply enormous with their black bands of paint. In a weak moment I smiled; that brought the girl nearer, soon other children came and

I began making them paper boats; in time about twenty or thirty boys and girls collected, in various stages of dress, undress, and no dress at all! After using my best drawing paper, I thought I would go, as some of the children had bad colds, and all wanted a good scrubbing! One boy amused himself by unwinding the piece of material which formed his one garment and winding it on again.

Went to tennis-ground in the evening. Dr. F—e told me that the bird I hear every morning early, whistling rather like a human being is the Koel bird. Had conversation with Mr. W—e about natives going to England and so on; it is curious to think that in the districts he has had to do with, and no doubt over other parts of India as well, there is only one in five hundred men who is unmarried after the age of twenty!

It is Mr. T—r's birthday to-day. I saw a lovely little green bird with red on his head, he went in and out of a hole in a big tree. Really a perfect day.

February 21st.—Batch of letters. News of the deaths of Mrs. O—s, Mr. J—t; Miss C—r and Dr. M—s; marriage engagement and other news as well. Letters are so very welcome; delightful they are. Went into the church this morning and tried the harmonium, it has a neglected sound, poor thing, weak and wheezy; the church looked clean and well kept. Went into the bungalow the P—rys have been using; it is a Dak bungalow, only meant for government servants, but E—d gave leave to the P—rys to use it, they left this morning. E—d asked a young man there, the caretaker, what his caste was, and then if that caste was lower or higher than another he mentioned; his answer was diplomatic, "Our caste would not eat with that caste, and that caste would not eat with ours!" I sketched in same place as yesterday, and children came about me, but as I had neither boats nor smiles for them, they did not stay long; one of the boys had such a jolly, compact little figure, I should like to have a drawing of him. Two girls

had babies in their arms, one so young-looking I could hardly have believed the baby was hers, until there were the unmistakeable proofs of the child taking its natural nourishment. They were all a merry, chattering little crew; I wish I understood their language; one only picks up a few words here and there. Several grown-up people got round; grown-up unwashed natives in close quarters would be too much for even the most philanthropic!

About the last syllables of certain towns, such as Jeypore, Merampore, &c,; pore or pur means city, Jey means victory, hence Jeypore means the city of victory. Bad also means city; Allahabad, Ahmenabad, &c. A beautiful blue jay has been close to the house to-day, what lovely blue there is on their wings; what a sin it is to kill them for the decoration of hats and bonnets; and the paddy bird, such an exquisite pure white; that is killed too, in large quantities, for the same purpose. I have finished the "Poison Tree:" it has a preface by Edwin Arnold; an odd story, no doubt true to life, but, of course, I can't judge.

Miss P—ry told me the other day that she could buy ducks here for four annas apiece and fowls for one anna! This morning a flock of very small, thin sheep passed us, and E—d asked the driver how much he would charge for one, and he answered "twelve annas;" about a shilling for a sheep! People buy them, and then feed them up before killing them. Wages are not high here; I believe E—d's head gardener receives only six rupees a month! In a number of the *Pioneer* I have just been reading there is a letter signed "Mem Sahib," complaining about the filthiness and carelessness in most kitchens in India; her description of what goes on is horrid in the extreme.

Sky was cloudless this morning, it is now about 4 o'clock, and there are pretty, little woolly clouds flecked over, chiefly in the distance. If this house were on a slight hill we should have very pretty views.

I hear the rattle of tea-things, and the gardeners are coming along with their watering cans. E—d has real proper English afternoon tea, the most welcome meal to me of the day.

Friday, February 22nd.—A bright light in our room over our heads last night: it was a firefly; and it flew round and round in rings and zigzags; it was so curious and pretty. A traveller once was much worried by mosquitoes, but after hard work and diligent search he thought he had got rid of them all. Soon a firefly appeared, and he called out despairingly, "Sure, it's no use trying any more; here's one come to look for me with a lantern!"

The caseorina tree grows here, the only kind of fir which grows in the plains of India; there are plenty of tamarind trees here and peepul trees, and many others. A curious visit took place on the verandah this morning: three sons of the late Rajah of Rajnagar, and descendants of a long line of Rajahs, came to see E—d; he expected the youngest only, but all three came. The eldest, about 27 years old, is the son of one wife, the two others, boys of 10 and 12, of another. The eldest has not a penny, lives with his wife's father, the others have from 100 to 200 rupees a year. E—d has undertaken to send the two youngest to school, and if he goes to Monghyr, perhaps they will go too; the eldest is quite ignorant, can neither read nor write; they are Mahometans; half a dozen servants were with them; the man who came to see E—d in his library the other day when I was there was a friend of theirs, and an honorary magistrate of some sort and had come to get advice about them. Such an odd business; their father spent his all in riotous living; formerly their family used to own all the district here, and near this bungalow are heaps of over-grown stones which used to be part of their country palace. Last night we dined with Mr. W—e; Dr. and Mrs. F—e and Mr. T—r there; the pillars in his drawing-room are made of very good chunam.

R. has started off with Kanji to Calcutta. It is rather close to-day and the atmosphere is not so clear. I have been looking over several numbers of "Journal of Indian Art," which E—d brought from his "cucherry" or office, for me to see.

Went for a drive in tum-tum this evening, *might* have been a catastrophe!

We were to have had a clergyman here next Sunday to preach, but he is unable to come, he writes, because there is fever in his district.

Rather a pretty sunset this evening. The cotton tree is the semal, the hook-shaped blossomed tree is the plas tree.

February 23rd. 10 o'clock—Went for a little walk with E—d and K—y; we crossed the maidan through the garden and into the village where the dhobees chiefly live; a big tank near. Sometimes these villages look as if they were composed of about only a dozen huts, but on going amongst them, one finds many more; in several cases, with little mud court-yards belonging to them,

E—d occasionally stops a child and asks it of what caste it is, sometimes the children run away with shyness, but often they stay and answer. Caste feeling, in our experience, is as strong in the country as in the towns. Caste marks are often distinctly painted on the people's foreheads.

On a road we came across a group of Sonthals; they are the aborigines of this district and are not worshippers of the Hindoo gods; they have a language of their own and do not understand Hindostanee, but they had picked up a little Bengalee, and E—d was able to gather from them that they had left their homes to tramp for work, helping to get in crops and so on. Everyone had a rupee of savings in his waist-cloth, they had been earning two annas a day, which is about the noble sum of twopence-halfpenny. They had brilliant, white teeth, gentle voices, and looked intelligent; wore little bead necklaces and amulets

and charms of wood or metal. Their women wear very heavy ornaments. When we got home men came with table-cloths, &c., to sell, they looked rather soiled and tumbled about: I bought a Peshawur painted or coloured waxed cloth. It is *very* warm now. E—d has had another flowery letter from a native youth he used to be a sort of guardian to.

February 23rd.—We had sent to the village to ask for some ornaments worn by poor peasant women and children, and a man came, bringing nose-rings and bangles; I have bought a few. I have forgotten to mention the quantities of tiny earthern horses put on the Mahometan tombstones we have seen during our wanderings here; they are put there to hurry the soul of the deceased to paradise! Hornets are building a nest in the roof of the verandah just over the most comfortable of the very comfortable chairs. E—d has informed the "pantaloon," one of the bearers, that they will have to be disturbed. The "melancholy Jacques" also takes a languid interest in it. A few mosquitoes come out in the evening, but I am troubled very little by them.

Night.—Mr. and Mrs. M—r. and a son, have been dining here this evening. Mr. M—r is a Baptist missionary, he and his wife were in India in the Mutiny.

I tried to draw out Mrs. M—r about the natives, but she had not much to say; either couldn't or wouldn't! K—y and I had afternoon tea with the F—es and went on to tennis-ground afterwards, and I had yet another pleasant chat with Mr. W—e. A bat flew into drawing-room to-night and Mr. T—r caught it; I had never seen one so close before.

I have felt it hotter to-day than hitherto; it is really hot here now, but I hear that at Darjheeling there was snow on the ground only a few days ago!

How pretty the paddy bird is! the upper part of breast at throat is used for head gear trimmings; what a shame it is! "Kathleen" of the *Leeds Mercury*

The Lotus

Mango leaves.

Supplement has some words to say about the birds and parts of birds in hats, and I have written to tell her of the "Plumage League," which the Rev. F. O. Morris has been the means of starting.

I am getting very tired of the barbet, or brain-fever bird's sound, for ever hammering and hammering like the noise of a coppersmith working on his anvil.

February 24th.—I took E—d and K—y for a walk this morning; I think I like a brisk walk better than they do; loitering and loitering tires me much more than walking steadily on.

We went into the English cemetery, some of the graves look very dilapidated, a few of the small tablets on the stones have glass put over them, meant for protection, but weeds have got in between; the result is, I fancy, worse than if there had been no glass at all.

I saw more than one white ant to-day, in the stage before it drops its wings. The hornet's nest was removed yesterday, but another is already being built. R. returned safely from Calcutta; no news or adventures. Mr. W—e, Dr. and Mrs. F—e and Mr. T—r dined here to-night.

I have bought some Sonthal women's ornaments, heavy, massive things some of them; one anklet alone weighs more than two pounds. The village we are actually in is not Suri, but Hossenbad. To-night is the hottest night we have had. We like the heat, when it is not close, and when the atmosphere is clear; we sat below the verandah after dinner. Mr. W—e sent his carriage for us, and we passed Mrs. F—e and Mr. T—r riding and Dr. F—e driving, the puppy with white eyes accompanying him.

Tuesday. 9 o'clock a.m.—We have returned this morning from Hitampore, leaving there before seven o'clock. E—d considers the visit rather a fiasco because he does not think the Rajah made enough preparations for us, but I enjoyed it immensely; it certainly was a novel experience. I don't see why

anything more should have been done for us. I think these Rajahs are very hospitable.

When we were in Bombay we received an invitation from this Rajah to be present at a dinner which he gives annually to Europeans; as a matter of fact, very few accept the invitation, either from disinclination or distance. We could not accept as we were not to arrive here soon enough, and E—d and K—y found at the end reasons for not going; however, when we got here, I was rather anxious to see somewhat of the home-life of a rich Hindoo, and E—d announcing the fact, the Rajah kindly sent us an invitation. We started yesterday, taking servants and bedding. E—d drove R. in the tum-tum and K—y and I went in the "pill-box," *i.e.*, the brougham; the servants and luggage in a ticker gari. On the way K—y amused me by telling me about the two servants of Mr. T—r; he said to them "It is no use your denying it, I *saw* you drunk in the road," and one of them answered politely, "If the Sahib saw me on the road drunk, he must be right, but I was not there!"

One can hardly travel a hundred yards without meeting some one, rarely a square mile of land without human beings; the curious lack of solitariness there is in these Indian districts continues to strike us much; of course I am alluding to cultivatable land, not jungle. We drove through Sripore, which means city of prosperity; Beerboom, the district all round here, means country of heroes.

The Rajah's carriage met us half way, so we left the pill-box and the tum-tum and we got into it; oh! that carriage was so smelly, I can't describe it, a mixture of Hindoo sweets, pomatum, and I don't know what! On we drove, not remarkably interesting country, much the same as here, tanks, palm-trees, and a hard, sandy soil, relieved by small rice fields, close together, and divided by low, earthen walls, on which we have often seen jackals reclining in the evenings.

In one of the villages we passed through, we saw

straw idols, or rather, clay idols covered with straw; we again passed tombstones with quantities of little horses on them.

We came to a stream with thick, sandy banks on each side; the horses of our carriage were unharnessed and taken through, and an old man and about ten coolies dragged our vehicle along and across the water. Some of the men were "chokedars," a sort of rural police without uniform (uniformed police were only started about thirty years ago), the old man was very fussy and ordered the others. He chattered to E—d and put his hands in a praying position. He said he had once been a "chokedar," but was so no longer, on account of some false accusations, and that his land had been taken from him, and that now he was "abolish!" that last was his only English word!

We passed a great many peasants, the men, as is usual here, with bare heads and toga-like garments, and the women with white sarees and common cheap ornaments. Mr. W—e was telling me one day that in parts of India he has been in, the married women wear a thin iron bangle, and when they become widows this is taken off and broken. By this custom criminal cases have often had light thrown on them. For instance, a hut was burned down and in the flooring of it was found the body of a dead woman, the man who had burned the hut and murdered the woman hoped the fire would have burned the body and everything on it, but on her arm was found the iron bangle which showed she was a married woman and not a widow. We were put up in the Rajah's guest house, about half-a-mile from his own residence, the guest house looked dirty and neglected, and there were ugly, gaudy carpets, stuffy furniture, and cheap spotty prints on the walls. K—y and I slept in one room, E—d and R. had tent outside. and there was a large reception room.

The Rajah and his eldest son came to call on us; the latter, an enormous youth of 19, looked 25. E—d said to him, "You look so well, so fat!" When we said

afterwards that we thought it rather an insulting remark, E—d said, "Oh! no, the youth would like it!" He could talk English, his father not, except just a few words; both seemed shy. They lead rather secluded lives and don't often see strangers. The Rajah had reddy-gold cloth turban, shot green silk coat, shiny black elastic-sided shoes, and white trousers; the son had turban, long black coat, black trousers and laced shoes. About 3 o'clock we went to return the visit; through the village of Hitampore. K—y and I went up with the Rajah's son to see the Ranee; we were led through passages and over small courtyards to a long room, where there was common English furniture and some large oil pictures of Rajahs, &c., and then the son went to fetch his mother; she came in with her daughter and two daughters-in-law, and some younger sons. I asked our interpreter about the relationship, he said quite calmly which was his sister, then he blushed up and said one of the other two ladies was his brother's wife, and then reddened still more and looked exceedingly awkward, and said the remaining lady was his own wife! The two daughters-in-law looked about fifteen years old, they giggled nearly all the time: they wore thin gauze veils over their faces, and I have heard since, that in the presence of strangers a strict Hindoo girl will always be veiled if her husband is of the party. The Ranee's lips and teeth were disfigured by betel-nut eating, she had bare legs and feet and no ornaments on them, but they all wore earrings and plates, and lots of other ornaments; none of them looked of very great value; they shook hands with us. The boys were very nice-looking, dressed in pure white and with clear, bright eyes and complexions. I do wish I could have conversed with them. The old Ranee was evidently mistress, telling her young people where to sit or stand, and looking rather severe. It was so curious, poor things! what a life of seclusion for them! In a doorway in the distance I saw some other faces.

We only saw one or two rooms in the house; the first one in which the Rajah received us had a good Indian carpet and there were some well-carved brackets on the wall, but the general effect was by no means rich and Eastern: there ought to have been beautifully embroidered cushions and divans and rugs! The Rajah is a rich man, has perhaps £10,000 a year.

In one of the courtyards was an altar with a huge figure of a soldier in front; not an idol. They have a big "poojah" festival once a year and it is on that occasion that the Rajah likes to give his European dinner-party.

After some nasty tea at the guest-house which I did not partake of, we drove to some very curious, big, massive rocks, slightly reminding me of the Brimham rocks in Yorkshire. One is very extraordinary and standing on a very small base, so some of the natives do poojah to it; they often do poojah to anything particularly out of the way in nature; to the hot springs in Suri, is one example. And here we are back again, returning same way we came.

E—d explains to me that what my dandy-bearers at Abu were very likely humming to themselves was this: "Take care 'm, 'm," "She's very heavy, 'm, 'm," "Don't let her drop, 'm, 'm," in hopes that in fear and trembling I would offer them extra backsheesh, to prevent such an accident. Natives call champagne "simpkin."

Later.—Very hot, but occasionally a breeze springs up. Men are busy packing furniture, &c. E—d and K—y leave here next week or the week after for Monghyr. There are very few flowers left in garden now; but plenty of crotons, eucharis, &c., in the verandahs.

Night,—This evening we were walking towards Club house, and Mr. W—e met us in his carriage and drove us there. K—y and Mr. T—r played billiards, the rest of us looked on and chatted, and then walked back in the dark. Servants met us with lanterns.

Drawing room here dismantled, china, &c. on the floor. Queer, weird singing going on in the huts near, I hear them, and the crickets chirping, and soon the noise of the jackals will break in. My feet have been bitten last night by mosquitoes, almost as badly as at Bombay. I saw the white ant again with its wings: it is when it drops its wings that it does the damage, and what a lot it *can* do! bites in through beams of wood, leaving just the outside crust, for instance; teak wood is supposed to withstand its ravages.

February 27th, morning, 9½ o'clock.—Very hot and no breeze. K—y and I have been for a short walk. I am drawing leaf outlines; the peepul-tree leaf has a curious long point. However hot one feels, a walk does one good. I can't stand that sitting and lounging about all day long, which Anglo-Indian ladies seem to do. They will do it even more, if that is possible, I suppose, in the really hot season.

Night.—Our last night. I am sorry for some reasons that E—d and K—y are going away next week to a place we don't know, we shall not be able to describe it to the people at home.

Mr. W—e drove us out again; he dined here to-night and we had an animated discussion on the subject of conscription, he being for it strongly, and quoting Sir Garnet Wolseley. Before and after dinner we sat out on the front of the house, not at all an oppressive night, and stars very bright. The melancholy Jacques walked about to-day with an extra air of depression and but-still-I'll-do-my-duty air; he has an extensive moustache.

February 28th, Thursday.—Great Eastern Hotel, Calcutta.—We arrived here to-night; while we were at dinner Mr. C—e, whom we had met on the "Peninsular," came to speak to us; he had been travelling in Upper Burmah. At Sainthia railway station we were much amused by a Baboo addressing R. in English, and asking was it true that we had been sent to India by the Queen to collect Indian industries, he had heard

so in the bazaar! Several sahl trees at the station, big, ragged leaves. Our stay at Suri has given us a little insight into rural life and ways, and the rest was very good for us. We bought some Suri sarees; the "brain fever" bird persistent, it is the harbinger of the hot season, as the cuckoo in England is that of spring. Mr. T—r was going to leave Suri to-day. More letters, news of Mr. S—s' death.

Notes on railway journey.—A'gari; two women, good-looking and gaily dressed, with little child, such a well-shaped little fellow. Ahmadgnow station.—Flattish country, tanks as usual, rice fields. Bolpur station.—Train passed, people on the open trucks, some playing on flutes made of pieces of bamboo sticks. Bhedra station.—Woman with striking, dark, indigo-blue saree, with big patterns in green and other colours. Cuskara station.—Khava junction.—Great stone idol in middle of road with several arms; little, dark boy with quite fair hair and embroidered turban, carried by a man. Burdwan station.—E—d was stationed here once. Big Arab-looking man with black turban, beard, and satchel, or flat pouch, and with a swinging walk. Satighar station.—A Zemindar means a landed proprietor. Several tanks with such lovely, golden-red glow on them and the palms round, from the setting sun light. Menari station.—Bright red roads like those at Suri; going over marsh land, thin, blue mist against belt of trees. Hoogli station.—used to be a Dutch settlement. Chandernagore, a French settlement. Dark.

March 1st, Friday. 3 o'clock.—We have changed our rooms, going up higher, but having a larger sitting-room which does *not* open on to the servants' pantry. We were lazy this morning and did not get up till the 9 o'clock breakfast at table d'hôte. Every visitor seems to have his servant, such an array of various turbaned men all down the room. In Bengal, people don't shout "boy," when they want their servant, but "qua hai" "is anyone there?" We went out for a

few minutes on to the wide, white balcony overlooking where the tram-cars run; several palkees passed, not picturesque at all: they looked like large box sort of coffins. It is so queer to see the bullock carts driven, if there are two of the animals, they seem only to be fastened to the pole at their heads, the rest of their bodies can spread out over the road, so the man has literally to pull them together with his hands; it must be very exhausting for him.

After breakfast we got a nice, little, open gari, with no syce behind to shout out "Gariwalla, hi! hi garriwalla!" We drove to the Zoological Gardens over the Zeerut bridge, and were much surprised with the greenness of the grass of the maidan; it grows right up to the trunks of the trees, a truly refreshing sight. Gardens very pretty, the English flowers looked happier than we have usually seen them in India, and there were beds gay with China asters and marigolds; then also, there were bouganviliers, pointsettias, &c.; we loitered about for more than an hour; two houses we wished to visit, a fern house and one of the bird houses, were not open. In the monkey house there were some monkeys making such a human, shouting noise, that until we went inside we quite thought that it was made by boys.

While we were wandering down a shady avenue near the outer railings of the grounds, a long funeral procession wended past, with noise of drums and instruments and the old familiar cry, "Ram, Ram, Ram, sat hai," the corpse as usual having loads of lovely flowers piled up on it.

About midday we called on the A. C—ds', at Mission Row; I was glad to see someone belonging to M. C. They asked us to go to a prize-giving at a church mission school for girls and we are going about 4 o'clock.

7 o'clock.—R. found he had to go to the bank for money, so I went without him to the prize-giving. About a hundred little girls were present. Kaleido-

scopic for colour, gay sarees and ornaments ; about a third of them were Christians. They sang several songs, and also "God save the Queen," in their native language ; the doors being open, a good many street people looked in and listened, with apparently great enjoyment. Mrs. C—d told me that all the little Hindoo members of this school will marry about eleven years old ; sometimes they cry to be married, they like the bright new garments and sweets which are given on such occasions.

A man was hanged the other day for cutting the throat of his little eleven-year-old wife. I asked if the native Christians married as young, and the answer was "No, not for some years later, but even they marry too young according to our English ideas." The pupils do not come alone to the school; sometimes the teachers would fetch them from their homes, or their own servants would bring them. On returning to the hotel I passed one of the little pupils being carried home, on the hip of an ayah, she must have been eight or nine years old, and rather a heavy load ; the pupils received prizes and all of them had presents and sweets.

I saw an enormous carriage carrying several richly-dressed men and boys, and there were several out-riders. To-night there is to be an "Installation of Knights," at Government House ; we have invitations through E—d, and are going; A—y's brother-in-law, Mr. D. B., is to be knighted.

Men water the roads from skins of water which they pour out, and then scatter it about with their hands.

March 2nd.—Last night we went to the ceremony I spoke of, "the Ceremonial of the Investitures of the most exalted order of the Star of India, and the most eminent order of the Indian Empire." Seats were placed in a huge tent which was richly carpeted, and decorated tastefully and brilliantly. A high daïs and throne were erected at the far end for the Viceroy, Lord Lansdowne, and his train was carried by little pages who had either

powdered hair or wigs. As far as I could see, Lady Lansdowne was a good-looking woman; she sat on the left with her suite, not on the daïs. The native princes were gorgeously apparelled, some of them dressed in literally cloth of gold and shining with valuable jewels, aigrettes, brooches, belts, stars, and bands set with diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires and pearls; the Jeypore Maharajah was one of the grandest. There were some Burmese ugly people just in front of us, wearing curious shaped turbans with tag at the back; looked too small for their big, black heads. There were hardly any native ladies present; the few we did see were, I think, Parsees and Burmese. Natives love display and many looked as eager and delighted as children. There were natives and Englishmen knighted.

We are having a variety of new experiences and it is delightful to think we have not finished yet. After we got back to the hotel a violent wind and rain storm broke out, heralded by clouds of dust, which blew into our room; it had been more or less lightning all the evening, though the sky had seemed clear.

Just now, while I was writing, I looked round and I saw a woman standing near me with dark face and light dress, who said, "Mem Sahib, ayah," meaning to imply, I suppose, that if I wanted one, she was ready; she had not knocked at the door but had come noiselessly in with her bare feet. Later on, I was lying on the sofa reading and in came another "Mem Sahib, ayah." "Ne munkte," "I don't want" I said sternly, and it is to be hoped no others will come. In to-day's "Englishman" I see that on February 25th, the foundation stone of the Romanji Edulgu Abblus Obstetric Hospital was laid by Lord Reay, to be near the Kama hospital and under Miss P—y's care. I have finished "Seeta" and have skimmed through "Tippoo Sultan" and am beginning "Tara."

This morning we went along the native bazaar driving; a dirtyish street and not so interesting as the

bazaar in Bombay. We heard sounds of native music, and there was a building open to the street, and a big crowd was inside and thronging outside, but we could not see what was going on from our carriage; some sort of "poojah," no doubt. Have seen several men with loose hanging trousers, quantities of drapery and big Eastern shoes: are they Afghans? It is fine to-day and the dust is thoroughly laid; we have been to the museum, we had not time to go all over it, but saw the stuffed beasts and birds, and specimens of Indian embroidery, carving and other work, and also a very interesting archæological room, in which was a large number of casts from Hindoo and Jain carvings, and also some genuine, ancient pieces of sculpture, and figures of Buddha taken from Sarnath, near Benares, for better protection. There was a little room with a few things for sale. We went for a drive this evening from 5 to 6.30 o'clock, on the Maidan, &c., hoping to see some of the swell Indian magnates, but there was hardly any one about at all. Grass in first rate condition; no dry patches. Band was playing.

March 3rd.—The reason for not seeing more people driving, yesterday, was because of a balloon ascent. The Viceroy was present, and a large number of small and great people; however, I have heard that nothing came off, as the gas would not work.

This morning we drove to the Botanic Gardens, through the suburb of Howrah; they are beautiful, with plenty of shade, and fine varieties of trees and plants; the orchids and protected plants have not glass to their houses, but roofs made of thinly spread grass on light bamboo or wooden frames, somewhat sheltering them from the full glare of the sun. The Ficus Bengalensis, a great spreading banyan tree, is one of the chief objects to be seen in the gardens; they are curious things, sending down tendrils from their branches which grow thicker and longer till they reach the ground, where they strike fresh roots and make new supports to the tree. This one is a hundred years old,

and it has wooden and brickwork supports as well as its natural ones. While we were looking at it, a man asked if we should like some cocoa-nut pani (water), so we went to a hut, and he brought a green, unripe nut, and hacked the top off, and we drank the cool, refreshing liquid, it is not so thick and milky as when the nut is ripe. I enjoyed the gardens and there were no flaws; we had a capital going little "gari."

Some of the gentlemen at dinner wear Mofussil dress, white jackets, no waistcoat, and "cummerbund" or sash, round the waist.

Monday, March 4th. 10 o'clock a.m.—Just finished breakfast. We got up at six o'clock and drove in a "box," we could not find an open carriage, about two or three miles to Kalee's shrine; a goat is sacrificed there every morning to the blood-thirsty goddess; a small, energetic boy constituted himself our guide; his English was limited to "Here come, all light (right)" "All light, here come!" He showed us idols and shrines and people doing "poojah" and then the bathing Ghat on the river; we bought some little idols and pictures painted on thin, white paper, which were being sold in large quantities. We saw men making straw idols. Nandi is a bull often seen with Gunputti or Ganesh; this ugly idolatry is most unattractive; excepting the flowers, when they are fresh, all is repulsive.

In front of the native huts, mud plaster is spread on the floor, it makes a clean *looking* place when freshly done.

I do wish we understood the native language, or that the shopkeepers understood ours; bargaining is such a bother! but it would be quite impossible to give what they first ask; it is so stupid of them; one would buy much more if they were not such a nuisance. Very bright and fine; close last night, thick, white mist amongst the trees this morning. Yesterday evening we walked in the pretty Eden Gardens, the plants and shrubs there, thriving in rich luxuriance.

March 5th.—Yesterday afternoon we went to call on the E. S—rs (Miss L—d) they are at present staying with Mr. E. S—r's brother and his wife at Sipbore Engineering College, near the Botanic Gardens; it is open to all; natives, Europeans, and Eurasians, with the condition that they must all understand English. Mr. S—r told me that he knew a native gentleman very well, living near, who asked him to come and see his wife: at the same time begging him to come at dusk and not to let any natives know of his visits, he himself not objecting to his wife seeing visitors; a case of Mrs. Grundy!

People say that the Bengalee servants are stupid compared with others.

Rev. and Mrs. A.C. dined with us last night; it was very pleasant; we had a lot of talk about native life, religion, &c., I like the simple sort of liberal way in which Mr. A.C. talked; he reminds me much of his sister M. He mentioned a big Mohametan Festival which takes place near this hotel once a year; the mosque is crammed full of worshippers and the overflow reaches far down the street: all traffic is stopped for twenty minutes or so. This vast concourse of men (it is very rarely, if ever, that women worship publicly), bow the knee, the head, and get up exactly at the same time; it must be a very striking scene.

I asked if in trying to convert the natives there was not a great difficulty in there being so many sects and divisions amongst Christians, and the answer was "No, not nearly so much as many would think, because in their own religion (we were then speaking of Hindoos) there are many sects and castes, some worshipping more particularly one god and some another; and yet they were all the time Hindoos, so that they would thus be able to understand that though Christians were some Roman Catholics, some Episcopalians, and so on, still they could all be Christians." That point of view seems to me a very reasonable one. Out of more than two hundred millions of natives in India, there are barely

two million Christians, but although these were the only professed Christians, there were many whose tone and mode of life were much improved by the influence of Christian teaching. Very often they will not profess Christianity on account of their families, or because there is one, or more than one, detail or dogma which they cannot clear up in their minds. For instance, one of Mr. A. C—'s own clerks (he is Secretary to the Church Missionary Society) is not a professed Christian, but he is a good man and much influenced by the surroundings of Christian life, and he often attends the prayers that Mr. A. C. conducts. I remember being told somewhat of the same, by one of the C. U. Mission at Delhi. I asked Mr. A. C. if there was work done amongst the lower class of whites in Calcutta; I have seen so many such, in the streets; some very vicious looking. He answered yes, and that the temperance movement had had some effect. In the long road down which we drove to get to the girls' school the other day, it was at one time quite unsafe, even in the day time, for a lady to walk alone; there were so many grog shops and such a dreadful amount of vice and drunkenness; but now, since a large coffee house had been started and missionary efforts begun, the evil repute of the street had been considerably lessened.

It is a pity, I think, that the work amongst natives and Europeans is chiefly done by what one may call professionals, that is, by missionaries whose business it is; lay help is so very valuable.

This morning early, we went for a "little turn." We visited the site near the post-office, of what was known as the Black Hole of Calcutta; a tablet is inserted in a wall near, commemorating the awful event; then we went into the Church precincts, where is the tomb of the man, who is said to have founded Calcutta, and then we had a walk along the river-side by the docks. A lot of people were bathing; they seem to wash and rub themselves with their clothes; they *are* queer people.

We hear that Darjheeling and the hills are so cold, and as our experience at Delhi of such weather was not pleasant, we have given up the plan of going North, and have engaged berths in the "Khedive," and start for Ceylon to-morrow.

March 6th. On board.—We got up very early to-day as the "Khedive" was to go off at 6 a.m. Some people went to sleep on it last night, but we thought it probable that mosquitoes would bother us ever so much on the river, and also, we thought that the less we had of cramped berths the better, so we settled to go to bed early, and rise early to go on board when the night had passed.

A great many people are here, most are going to England, some on account of bad health, some on furlough. Mr. A. C. came to see a missionary off, a Mr. S—s with his wife, baby-boy, and sister-in-law. There are a Mr. and Mrs. C—n on board (R. used to know Mr. C—n in Leeds). There is Mr. C—e, of "Peninsular" acquaintance, and Mr. S—n ditto; a great many children.

11 o'clock.—Been standing still for ever so long, just opposite to the Botanic Gardens; the boat might just as well have started later; we are waiting for the pilot to steer us safely along the Hoogli; the sun rose so quickly, hardly any dawn. We are off again, down the Hoogli, flat land, lots of palm-trees; native and English big houses on the banks; pretty boats. Seen two cats on board, not so frisky and young as those on the "Peninsular." Thick, jungly land, Mr. S—s tells me there are tigers in it, but they are not much hunted because of the unhealthiness of the district, and also because it is not feasible to employ elephants. Passed ferry-boat on the river. The Hoogli is very shallow in some parts; two dangerous sandbanks are called "James and Mary," corrupted, some say, from "Jalmari." Kites hovered about for food while we were standing.

Mr. S—s says he heard there is a good deal of false

tortoiseshell in Colombo as well as false jewels. It is such a bother all the suspicion one has to practise, when one longs to be able to trust everybody, as one would wish to be trusted one's self. This is a much smaller boat than the "Peninsular;" nowhere near such a good dining saloon, and neither waiting nor food very good, so far as one can at present judge. It is now afternoon. I have been chatting with Mr. S—s; he has missionarized a good deal amongst the Sonthals, he says that their feelings about telling the truth are much higher than those of the Hindoos; sometimes he has been settled fifty miles from a railway station!

He has just lent me a little book, parts of which are so amusingly expressed that I must copy just a few of them. The book is a memoir of Onocool Chunder Mookerjee, by Mohindrath Mookerjee; the italicizings of words are mine:—

"To restore happiness and sunshine to those sweet and beloved faces on which he had not seen the *soft and fascinating beams of a simper for many a grim-visaged year*."

"He was *an* "*au fait*," and therefore undoubtedly *a transcendental lucre* to the council."

"He well understood the interest of his client, and never ceased to tussle for it, until he was flushed with success; or, until the *shafts of his arguments made his quiver void*."

"Justice Mookerjee very well understood the *boot of his client*, for which he would carry a *logomachy*, *as if his wheel of fortune depended on it*."

"His elevation created *a catholic ravishment throughout the domina under the benign and fostering sceptre of great Albion*."

"As one having the power to *absterse one's heart from sin*, they will go on committing sin till *they pop off*, or till *their doomsday*."

"His children did 'fondre en larmes' that they will never, &c."

Giant Bamboo in the
Peradeniya Gardens.
Ceylon.

"The house presented a *second Babel*, or a *pretty kettle of fish*."

"Whole Bengal was in *lachrymation*."

And there are many more funny bits. As an instance of what Hindoos spend at funeral and other ceremonies, the biographer tells us that Onocool Chunder Mookerjee spent 20,000 rupees in memory of his mother! I am reading "Tara."

Thursday.—We stopped again yesterday, not long after passing the Botanic Gardens, and did not start till 11 o'clock or past this morning. Such a waste of time! we might as well have stayed in Calcutta and taken a boat down to the ship to-day, or gone a little way by rail, and then boated out. Boats have come alongside, selling hats and baskets made on the shore near; R. thinks they may be constructed of rice straw, we have let Kanji buy some for us, he will make some "dooseri" out of the transaction. Mr. S—s says the doosari system is an important one, and unless a sharp look out is kept, servants make a large amount; with bachelor masters they often charge double for such things as food, lamp-wicks, candles, &c. I chat a good deal with Sir G. M. at meals; he has been knighted lately for his engineering services in India and Ceylon, particularly railways; he is now travelling with his wife, son and daughter. Several children on board, none pretty, one about three years old; a jolly, sturdy, little girl, reminding me rather of Molly in her build and ways. Her sister, a girl of twelve, chats to her in Hindostanee as she does not want her to forget it before arriving in England.

Very hot; was not bothered with mosquitoes last night, though we were on the river, as Kanji rigged up the net; when we are out of the Hoogli, there will be no more fear of them.

March 9th. Morning.—Ship life much as usual. Sharks are on this sea (Bay of Bengal), and Captain L—n says that a Lascar fell overboard a few years ago from this ship, and was devoured. There are funny

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little children here, the "Molly" child, when she is annoyed, rolls herself on the floor, and she screams, or not, according to the state or extent of her anger. One baby screeches most awfully; there is a little half caste girl who walks about rather lonelily. I played backgammon with Mrs. S—s yesterday, she does not look strong, her life in the Sonthal districts must have been wearily monotonous, I should think, unless she has the same missionary enthusiasm as her husband.

There are two girls on board who, I am told, have been sent by a Canadian newspaper round the world to write articles and letters for it; they have nice, intelligent faces; are untidy. Nothing interesting has happened. We have seen lots of flying fish and phosphorescent lights. Greyish skies. I am on the hurricane deck, more breeze to be had there. Am reading "The Young Zemindar," by a native; it is a dull book. We have passed the "British India," which started a day or two before we did, from Calcutta. R. at one time thought of going in it, fortunate we didn't; the reason of its delay is because it ran aground in the Hoogli, where in parts the water is very shallow.

March 10th.—On the hurricane deck; plenty of sing-song chanting, and clapping of hands going on below; sound thereof coming up through the ventilators. Have been reading "Anglo-Indian literature," lent me by Sir G. M., very funny, some of it. Miss D—e, a missionary on board, has told me of the dreadful ignorance of many of the native women; a linseed poultice was ordered in one case, and directions given as to how it was to be made, and put on the woman's body; on visiting the patient afterwards it was found that the mixture had been put on the place and then hot water poured on! Poor wretched woman!

We have had some fine sunsets, and seen flying fish; no turtles at present; we often see beautiful phosphorescent light in bright patches floating on the water.

This morning we anchored off Madras. I got up

before day-break; lovely sunrise. People were soon on board to sell things; R. and I bought baskets, embroideries, idols, and two toy musical instruments made out of half a cocoa nut, thin wire, etc.; conjurors and fortune tellers came on board too, and we saw the mango trick, girl in basket trick, and others.

Several boats; some made of merely three or four tree trunks fastened together; some sewn; great unwieldy looking things; oars very primitive. The deck of our ship looked gay and festive: it was all very entertaining. A few of our passengers went on shore for an hour or two, amongst them the Canadian (?) girls; people say Madras is a very old-fashioned place and very hot, and that punkahs are used all the year round.

March 11th. 10 o'clock a.m.—Land in sight, Ceylon. We shall probably arrive at Colombo at midday to-morrow. It was awfully hot last night, almost unbearable in one's cramped berth; I have never felt so hot before; I tried fanning myself, a relief in one way, but a good deal of exertion; the stickiness of the sea air, and the stuffiness of the saloons and cabins, make one feel the heat here more than on land.

The sea is a beautiful deep grey blue, and the sky is soft blue, and there are delicate white clouds. Mr. C—y, who sits next to R. at dinner, amuses me about photography. Three new children came on board at Madras with a lady; they have lately lost their mother. I am not sure if the youngest is a boy or a girl. They wear loose white frocks, and two of them socks, looking so cool; they have rather plaintive faces, and clear grey eyes. There are two very good babies on board, the S—s's boy and a little M—n; the latter possesses a large roomy cradle in which he deposits himself on deck; occasionally the little "Molly" girl invites herself into it; it is fun to watch them.

There are several ayahs on board, a varied company altogether. Great excitement amongst the children yesterday when a fowl got loose; I fear the little A—n

boy frightened it into the sea, but I am not sure. Some of the children feel the heat very much, and are fanned to sleep in the midday, and very likely at night too.

Night.—An extraordinary cloud at sunset, and R. said that just after I went to dress for dinner he saw a beautiful Zodiacal light opposite to where the sun went down; Captain L—n said it was the finest he had ever seen.

There have been a few feeble attempts at dancing, there is no band as there was on the "Peninsular" so some one kindly played, and we have had singing and instrumental music; one of the Canadian girls and another lady play rather well.

Tuesday afternoon.—Grand Oriental Hotel, Colombo. I am at my bed-room window watching for our luggage, which R. and Kanji have gone to fetch; I expect there is a little delay at the customs house.

Lovely piece of rainbow this morning; no rain. In Colombo harbour we see the real catamaran boat, *very* narrow, with mast and sometimes a sail and oars; a queer framework sort of arrangement resting on the water. Little diving boys were about.

I see prisoners passing in straw hats, striped blue and buff jackets and short trowsers, and some with checked trowsers and jackets; a few have chains on. Two Salvation Army girls are passing now, with whitey pink and red garments, and one of them with bare feet, the other has slippers. I see bullock-drawn watering carts here; in Calcutta, men watered the roads with leathern gourd-shaped things, and as the water poured from them, they hit at it with their disengaged hand, and so spread it about. "Jinrickshaws" seem to be a good deal used here, a sort of little carriage on two wheels, drawn by a man between the shafts; only room for one inside; they were introduced into Ceylon only a few years ago from Japan. The native men seem mostly to wear their long hair in knots at back of their head, and a round tortoise-shell comb at the top.

A man has been buying a cocoa nut from a seller just below my window, and breaking it open and drinking the milk and eating the fruit.

A policeman in white is strenuously endeavouring to drive the 'rickshaw men to their proper stand. Here's R.

Later.—This afternoon we had a drive in a funny little carriage, along red roads, through palm and plantain groves, and past bazaar and huts. We visited, after looking at a Hindu temple, a big Buddhist temple, in which were several images and representations of Hindu deities. R. tried to make the man inside, who showed us round, understand how the Buddhists were going back on their Founder's teaching by introducing these idols; however, the man said very little, and smiled! I don't think there was much religious fervour in *him!*

There are beggars here and inquisitive followers; it is extremely hot, but I don't mind it on land as I do on sea, one lives in such a crowd on a ship, and the want of change makes the heat more trying.

Mr. I—r, of the "Peninsular" is here; he is going back to England in our "Khedive," which starts to-morrow morning.

Wednesday, March 13th. 10 o'clock a.m.—We have been for a drive through the Cinnamon gardens, passing barracks and a big lake, and market, where there were plenty of pineapples and bananas for sale. The roads of a deep Indian red colour, the sky a glorious clear blue, and we wended our way amongst plantain groves. The coachmen here, don't seem over kind to their horses; they jerk at their mouths dreadfully. The syce of our carriage was very anxious to give us information; he evidently thought it would please us most to know what was English, so he called out at intervals "That Inglis!" "House of Inglis sahib!" etc. We passed the house of the manager of the Salt Fish Company; very gay garden; hibiscus and bougan-vilier in full flower.

Very funny to see written up on a wall near where a man was making straw chairs and baskets, in huge letters, "Wishing you a Merry New Year!" We tasted some cinnamon bark; it grows wild here and is cultivated too. A man ran along by the side of the carriage with flowers, and when we said we did not want any, he threw a little bundle of cinnamon bark at us and cried, "It is a praysant (present), I want no money." A few moments after, he rushed up and said, "A penny, lady, money, lady!" We insisted on his taking back the bark; we are getting very stern now; the beggars are such a pest. We saw several of what is called the "Fish-tail palm" and some very pretty pink flowering trees, and lilac flowering shrubs. We glanced at the Kolipitaya Police Station and saw the railway line along the sea shore, which leads to Mount Lavinia; there were seats near the water, and there were round green waves breaking in, crested with white foam. I have seen black crows and little greenish birds, no others at present. Passed prisoners at work on some road banks, and white uniformed soldiers in barrack grounds.

Later, 6 *p.m.*—We went to the railway station in 'rickshaws; the men run along so quietly with their bare feet, and kick up no dust; they are not uncomfortable little conveyances, while they are moving on. Got into train for Mount Lavinia; such wonderfully luxuriant foliage, trees so close together, there seemed hardly room for the huts amongst them; pink creeper at some of the stations, banana and palm trees, and pineapple plants growing down to the very shore, in the sand. The hotel we lunched in was literally on the shore; we tasted mangoes there for the first time, they were delicious; a quantity of fruit is sold in Ceylon, pineapples, oranges, mangoes and bananas are what we like; there are plenty of other varieties, which the natives either eat raw or cooked, the Jak fruit being amongst them, and of course the cocoa nut. A child amused us very much by running first to R. with shells

to sell, exclaiming, "Buy! you are my farder," and, finding him inexorable, to me, "Lady, buy, you are my mudder!" We stayed some hours at Mount Lavinia, enjoying the colours of the sea, blue and green, with streaks of purple, and glittering with light; the sun was exceedingly powerful, and under the pineapple and banana plants was the sweet sound of gently breaking water.

Selling going on as usual in verandah of hotel; heavy shower of rain has just fallen, but the air is no cooler.

Some drunken Englishmen have just passed by, bawling on the road "Thank the Lord I am an Englishman," the natives passing, and some of them shrugging their shoulders; how ashamed I feel of my countrymen sometimes in these Eastern climes, where they ought to set an example of morality and sobriety. We were asking Captain L—n his experiences of Lascars, his report was very favourable; he said that of course they like being well treated, having their meal hours attended to, and so on, but they work well, and contradicting a report we had heard elsewhere, he said that they *do* act with pluck in times of emergency.

Thursday afternoon.—This morning, between the two breakfasts, we carriaged to the Bridge of boats, along bazaars and roads; smooth, well-set, red roads and wonderfully deep blue sky. We went into St. Lucia's cathedral, a large but poor looking building; two or three natives praying. There is a large population of Roman Catholics; in old times the Portuguese were in power here, and converted large numbers by persuasion or force; there are several Roman Catholic churches, St. Andrew's amongst them, which were built almost entirely by the contributions of the sailors.

Later on, we 'rickshawed to the museum; there are good collections of stuffed beasts, birds, turtles, etc., and cabinets of curiosities, devil-masks and arms, and specimens of the use the products of the cocoa nut palm can be put to, spoons, mats, cords, etc.

R. has been buying pieces of elephants' jaws and teeth, could be used for paper weights; tortoiseshell is plentiful here, and we hope to see something of its manufacture; the lightest parts of the shell are the most valuable; precious and other stones are found in Ceylon, and the verandah of the hotel is often thronged with merchants and humbler sellers. Australians are, I believe, the chief retail buyers, and it is said that when an Australian boat comes in, the prices of the things go up enormously, as they know next to nothing of what they ought to give, and give what is asked.

"M. Le Comte" and another French speaking gentleman are at our table at meals; the former looks a big spoiled young man; he studies the menu carefully and makes remarks thereon. "Mais ce plat la, mais, mais c'est le diable!" was one of his criticisms. He and his friend are at present interviewing "Tommy" in the verandah, Tommy being the bright boy who sells things "very cheap, very cheap!" "You are a Maharajah," is one way of addressing a possible buyer!

Some of the Mahometan shopmen wear very curious high caps; at first I thought they were of very fine straw, but they are made of very narrow plaited silk, one man took his off to show me; the Ceylon straw and coloured grass work is very pretty; mats, caps, baskets, etc., are made of it.

March 15th.—Queen's Hotel, Kandi; the following from notes jotted down during journey.—Our train started from Colombo at 7.30 a.m. Such mangy dogs in the streets, looking so neglected and out of health. Last night a noisy set of men in the street, "fiends" as R. called them; it was extremely hot; we did not sleep much. We saw two Russian sailors in verandah of hotel yesterday taking refreshments, and we saw more on the Quay, where we "took a little turn;" a Russian gun boat, the "Mandagour," had arrived in the morning, and had given and received salutes. Some women have long holes in their ears; when I first saw them, I thought it was a deformity of that particular woman,

but I have seen others since; the earrings weigh the ear down till it almost touches the shoulder. In the paper I am reading, I see that the "Khedive" took a lot of tea on board; also I see that there are some words to say about the very good diet the prisoners have; so much better than what they would have in their own villages; one prisoner was heard to say (and there may be many more) that he must do something else to get into prison again, as his food was so much better and more plentiful than in his own home. We are passing pools, streams and rivers, have passed several stations, Maradana, Kalamaya, etc. Besides their petticoats (generally check patterned), men sometimes wear trousers, and billycock hats, an odd combination! The Singhalese are of quite a different type from the inhabitants of India; most of the rest of the population of Ceylon are the Tamils, who are also found in the southern parts of India. Moist, wet, paddy fields, some soaking, regular pools; bullocks ploughing up to their necks in water, working under difficulties I should think.

I heard rather an amusing story the other day of how some Indian peasants were recommended to plant and use some superior sort of rice, which grew and ripened so quickly that an extra number of crops could be had during the year; at the end of some months they grumbled and refused to use the same grain again, as it gave them so much work to do! Hot now, very; the early mornings much hotter than they used to be.

Palm tree leaves made into rough sheds for shelter. I wonder if this is a leech district, I have heard horrid stories of them lately; they are very worrying, particularly to horses. I see white starry lilies on the pools. We are going uphill, very few birds and no wild animals; through a tunnel; tangled growth of vegetation; one hundred and eight feet above the level of the sea; green, green, green, heavy, rich green forests of palms and lots of other trees. River; patches of soil burned to be cleared for planting. White lotus on pool; occa-

sionally gay patches of flowers; two hundred and forty-one feet above the sea; blue hills; very hot; beautiful views. Up and up we go; we are passing through chocolate plantations. In newspaper I have been reading "The Times of Ceylon" the cultivation of cotton is strongly recommended. Yellow flowers, rather like perennial sunflowers, I see.

A station.—R. has gone into the breakfast car. I have just bought fourteen bananas; I gave the boy a two anna piece, and he smiled and took it gleefully! Croton plants in station gardens. Wonderful scenery; great grand rocks; profusion of trees; ferns too. Lots of little orange-red flowers on some shrubs; I see the cart and carriage road winding up the mountains. Striking rock jutting up in the distance—is the little square thing at the top a hut? Some of the roads look as smooth as garden paths. Butterflies, can't see what sort. Wet dripping rocks and ferns. 1698 feet above sea. Kaduga manawa station. Beautiful situation; men carrying loads of bananas. R. has seen some white hibiscus, and there is pink as well as red; tall reeds, R. has seen orchids. Peradenaya station,—river. Kandi.—Here we are.

Night.—It is a beautiful place indeed; the town itself situated on the banks of a lake; woods of tropical trees growing to the water's edge with clearances made in various parts to enable people to see the marvellous views.

We first went to the English library buildings, where there is a room devoted to the exhibition of Kandi Art work, to encourage which an association has been formed; some particularly tasteful brass boxes took our fancy, and there were ivory carvings, silver work, and swords, and a kind of rough pottery. Then we went for a drive round the lake; one feels as if the vegetation was actually visibly growing, and growing; there is such an intensity about the growth. Down one road we saw a glorious "bit of colour" in the evening, which will always be engraven on our memory. The

sky was a deep blue, with just that very faint touch of green which it often has some time before the sun sets; pure white clouds, very full and of round heavy form, were slowly, very slowly, moving along; then below came huge red-yellow rocks with streaks of a darker shade, in front of them was the glossy green foliage of groves of trees, and in the foreground on the road were women walking, dressed in the prevailing colour of Singhalese costume, *i.e.*, red.

Chatted with some pleasant Australians at dinner. Lovely moonlight night.

Saturday, *March* 16*th*.—Between the breakfasts to-day we went to see the big temple called the Dalada Maligawa, supposed to contain the sacred tooth of Buddha, which is kept enclosed in a precious casket and only shown on rare occasions. The temple is situated near the lake, the steps leading to it are made each of one block of stone; there are beautiful doors opening to some of the shrines, worked in brass, and one great door we saw was inlaid with ivory; a good deal of painting was to be seen, but nothing remarkable for interest or beauty. One fresco represented the Inferno, painted as late as 1798.

A guide followed us about; we have found out that if guides can't answer any of our questions, either because they don't understand English, or are ignorant, they answer haphazard "yes," or "no." For a short time I took their replies as probably correct, till I found that they often said "yes" to one person and "no" to another, though the question was precisely the same!

There are wooden pillars inside, with lotus designs carved at the tops of them. Near the sacred ablution tank there were stalls with flowers to sell for offerings. We visited the temple library, where there are some valuable Palee and other books, written on long narrow strips of the talipot palm-tree leaf; some with wooden cases, others with elaborately worked silver and ivory ones; an old priest in saffron garment (extremely like the yellow of a bamboo stem), who was

lying down in a lower room when we arrived, (an intelligent looking boy, his pupil, with him,) was our guide here; he showed us the leaf which Edwin Arnold had gathered from the sacred peepul or bo tree at Buddha Ghya, an expedition he made on his last visit to Benares; he showed us also a picture of the last Kandian king and of one of the chiefs of all the temples in Ceylon, and read to us in a sing-song voice from Burmese and other books. Then we went on to see what used to be the King's Audience Hall, now used as a district Sessions Court, and saw the king's worshipping place, and the balcony where the last king used to show himself to the people, and the Dagoba, which was opened a short time ago, some gold and silver things being found inside.

Then we drove to the Ganga temple, most beautifully placed, with views of distant hills, and richly luxuriant forests and plantations; on the outside walls of it were several moon designs with the hare introduced, and some dedicative writing and inside, fresco paintings of scenes in Buddha's life, and a big figure, eighteen feet long, of Buddha, gaudily painted on stone, hewn out of the solid rock; on each side of the road on the way were trees and plants in profusion; we noticed a long, large, bell-shaped, white flower; we must find out the name. Before we went out again from hotel, a Hindu procession passed by; no images, but men bearing queer, gay screens, and what looked like round tops of boxes with clusters of peacocks' feathers; lighted fire was carried in front; one of the bearers had a green silk coat; priests in the middle; music, in sound, something like Scotch hurdy-gurdys, but we could not see them; bearers were dancing about; one of the hotel waiters told us it was a procession in honour of Vishnu. After it had passed, we drove to the Royal Botanic Gardens, at Peradenaya; passed red tile roofed cottages; one had a pretty fancy fronting of palm tree leaves plaited on bamboo foundations. Saw a woman holding a baby while a little girl poured water over it from a

tea kettle, the washing in public is very funny! There was a deserted-looking house on the way side, with old stone steps, and scribbled on its walls were the words "Get saved, get saved!" Two black demon-like looking little boys lounged near. A lot of fruit to be sold in the little native shops, hardly any sweets, different from the Indian native shops in that respect. Passed a tea plantation, we shall not have time to properly go over plantations I am afraid; tea, as every one knows, is cultivated in enormous quantities in Ceylon, and picking the leaves goes on, more or less, all the year round. The labourers on the estates are mostly Tamils, men, women and children. Great care has to be taken as to which leaves to pick, and learners always have over-lookers near them for some weeks, until they can be trusted to pick on their own responsibility. Coffee used to be very successful; of late years, however, a certain sort of blight has devastated whole plantations of it, but we are told that there are hopes of its "looking up" again.

The Peradenaya gardens are of world-wide renown; we spent some hours there on this glorious day with its blue sky, fleecy white clouds, sweet-scented breeze and bright sunshine. We gathered ripe nutmegs with their flakes of mace, almonds and cinnamon bark, and had offered to us some of the gunga fruit, which is rather similar in taste to the mango, but it has two or three big stones inside, instead of only one. We saw a Ficus Elasticus tree with curious roots standing out, looking like the glacier-formed stone at Yealand, and the Doorien tree, which they say has fruit that is nasty to smell, but nice to taste.

That beautiful, very large-leaved tree I was puzzling about the other day, is the bread fruit tree; then we proved the sensitive plant, a lot of which was growing in the ground, and saw a quantity of tiny red beetles.

The flower pots in the sheds were made of pieces of bamboo culm or stem, the bottoms being formed by the joints of the bamboo; gardeners were passing by,

carrying water-pots made of big stout leaves fastened together; near one of the sheds were long pieces of bamboo stems fastened on to trees, hanging down, and heavy stones tied on to their ends; this was to straighten and season them, and then they would be ready to be made into many things, walking sticks, umbrella handles, carrying-poles, bedsteads, etc.; the bamboo leaves are very pretty and graceful, and are of a delicate green colour.

We drove and walked through and about the gardens, passed the Mahagunja river and had varied views of hills and woods, and saw amaryllis, pointsettias, hibiscus in large quantities and plenty of other trees and plants. We stopped on the way back to drink cocoa nut water, a boy went up a tree and brought down green cocoa nuts, the water is so cool and refreshing and pure.

A breeze has sprung up; there are little breakers on the lake; in the very early morning there is sometimes a soft blue mist.

Evening.—We have been quite our most beautiful drive, along several roads named after various Governors' wives, the one after Lady Gordon, very beautiful, such views! One of the finest is that which takes in the Dumbara Valley and the Hunasgiruya Peak and the river Mahaweligang; from almost every point of view there were magnificent foregrounds of rocks and trees and flowering shrubs. Very stormy sky. Short shower, just a little thunder and lightning; beautiful silver moon.

Just now, small procession passed with two men dressed in gilded clothes.

We are not here at the best time of year for butterflies, but we have seen a few fine ones. Birds are said to be scarce in Ceylon, comparatively speaking, of course; one bird we have heard, sings five notes chromatically, not true to tune; the cicadas in the trees and the frogs at the water side are very persistent with their noise. Panoramically viewed, the town, with its red roofs, has rather a Swiss effect.

March 17th.—The English children's ayahs in Ceylon have a much neater dress than those we saw in India; it is a short, generally white, jacket, and coloured skirt, instead of saree. Women mostly here wear their hair smoothly drawn back and twisted in a roll low down behind.

This morning, we had a lovely stroll up the hill, Lady Gordon road, shady most of the way and with beautiful peeps of scenery, here and there. Saw two enormous, fat, black shiny millipedes about six inches long, with yellow legs innumerable, and a beautiful green-backed soft crimson-breasted pigeon; no animals about. Below us on the road we saw winding their way, with noise of instruments, some men carrying a palanquin; I could not see if there was an idol inside; and we saw, also below us, a Christian cemetery. Met no English people in the woods except one solitary man; we came back, passed the entrance gate to the compound belonging to the governor, Sir Arthur Gordon; his wife has just lately died. Natives use picturesque umbrellas a great deal here, made of skin, or oiled paper. The lilac flowered creeper which sometimes droops in festoons is called Thunbergia lauri folia; the Upas tree is a poison tree from which juice was extracted for poisoning arrow barbs. To-day is Sunday, and a great many planters and people are driving in either for church or to meet each other, and there are hearty greetings being exchanged.

Evening.—Started off about 3.30 for a drive, went outside the bounds of the town; passed a toll-house. Close and cloudy, damp, a short but heavy rain shower; saw a brown lizard with a green head, and others too; sweet-scented leaves from the common plant which bears small reddy-yellow blossoms. Several men we met had daggers or big knives in their belts. Well to do looking huts; in one I could see framed pictures from the *Graphic* and *Illustrated London News*. A gentleman in 'rickshaw in front of us had two men to take in turns to run the vehicle; it went very fast; we had a

first rate horse in our carriage; the roads in Ceylon are very fairly well laid, as far as our experience goes.

Monday, 18th March.—Last evening, again a procession, idol carried under a big umbrella. How energetic the cicada is, and the frog too, they vie with each other!

This morning we found our way to the reservoir, such a pretty walk—varied flowers, alamanders, oleanders, etc.; I do so enjoy finding out walks for ourselves; but, as a rule, the chief "guide book" sights occupy all our time; how short it is, when there is so much to see, so endlessly interesting.

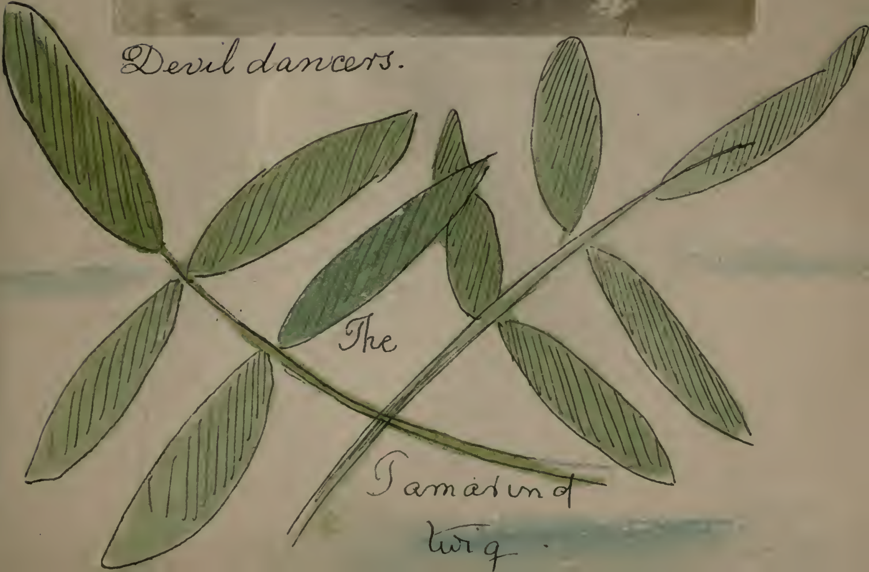
Later, we visited the Asgiruja temple; a yellow-robed young priest let us in; there is a big thirty feet Buddha reclining, cut in the solid rock, and there are two or three brass Buddhas, fresh chumpak blossoms on ledge in front; decided cleanliness about this temple, and paths leading to it; then we came back to the lake, and went to see the Malwatta temple, nothing much to see in it, but it is an important one, from the fact that the Ordination of Buddhist priests often takes place there, they shave their heads and faces entirely, and vow celibacy and to abstain from eating meat; as far as I can make out, their enthusiasm for true Buddhism has died, and the priests are not actually examples of excellence of life.

We saw women breaking stones in the road; met carriage with coachman wearing a curious peaked turban; saw more butterflies than usual, some with lovely rings, yellow underneath, dark above, with large deep lilac spots. We have been buying Singhalese palm-leaf books, and, just now, there is a rage for idols within us!

Night.—The pleasant American (?) gentleman who sat at our table last night has gone; the young man is still there.

Very close and damp it became after four o'clock; we went to the Dalada Maligawa temple at service time; a storm had burst, thunder, lightning and heavy

Devil dancers.



The Tamarind twig.

Ploughing an irrigated field.

showers of rain; the effect of these and the weird ceremonies within were very striking. The saffron-robed priests entered to the sounds of instruments; played most of them, by men sitting on their heels; people were offering chumpak flowers, and in the semi-darkness, in a far off corner in a low balcony, we caught a glimpse of men in strange attire, dancing and singing and screaming: devil dancing it was called. We saw the little crystal Buddha in its silver shrine, and the gorgeously bejewelled big Buddhas, and a lot of other Buddhas; R. spoke to a Singhalese youth in the temple, and again tried to explain, as politely as he could, how corrupted the Buddhist religion had become, allowing devil dancing, images of Hindu gods, etc. The youth said "he agreed with him and that he himself believed in only one God;" but yet, there the youth was, at service time! How miserably revolting this modern Buddhistic worship is!

A man in a shop here selling things, said "I am a Buddhist, I never tell lies;" he had just told two or three! One always extra distrusts what a seller says, if he is very *empressé* about how he never fibs!

The volunteer band played on the English library balcony near the temple, a good deal of drum and bass about it. Under a tree we saw a native boy with "Salvation Army" worked on his scarlet over dress; his under dress was apricot colour, the native royal or sacred tint, I believe; he was reading a book and had a flute in his hand. On two or three evenings, an old and a young man have passed the hotel, singing hymns and playing the guitar, the one who sings has a very melodious voice.

What wonderful vegetation it is here! the extraordinary intensity and *determination* of the growth are surprising; nothing that grows seems difficult to grow, everything is full, rich and unblighted; the only drawback to complete enjoyment of our drives is the rather glaring whiteness of some of the roads, different from those at Colombo, which are of a deep soft red colour.

Tuesday.—We go to Nuwara Eliya to-day. I see from my window young Buddhist priests going along with their bowls to beg; it is a rule, that they eat nothing but what is begged and that they must not receive money.

Night.—Grand Hotel, Nuwara Eliya.—6,200 feet above the sea. Notes taken on journey.—Such a wonderful journey it is going to be, I am told.—Saw at Kandi station, gay little girl with bright green skirt, pink jacket and violet scarf! Boxes of money drawn along the platform under care of soldier-guards, one a Gourka, R. thinks.—Stopping on a bridge; lots of butterflies, mostly white, over a small plantation. *Very* hot, clouds about.—Man at one station with Kandi jacket and skirt, and hair in a knob, and then on the top, a high chimney-pot hat, such a funny sight!—Passed many soaking wet paddy fields, always some one in them, very noticeable that in India too, never going a mile without seeing some one.—Bamboo clump like enormous green feathers.—We have changed carriages, up and up we are going.—People use long-handled soft-bristled brushes to keep flies off horses. 2,100 feet above sea.—Gulboda station.—Not so hot now, raining a little.—I see coolies gathering tea leaves. Tremendous curves the line is making, marvellous piece of rail. Dead coffee plants.—Very stormy-looking clouds on top of hills.—Pattan station.—Refreshments; thick hibiscus; passing plantations, chincona, tea, etc., no palm trees now. Big waterfall, soda-water bottle curve, R. says. 4,398 feet above the sea.—Wonderful it is, mount, mount; not raining so much now, coolish, not *cold*.—Here we are at Nanuoya station terminus, out of train.—We are driving in a public conveyance, luggage to follow in bullock-cart, a four mile drive, mostly up hill; splendid scenery; passed two pretty bullocks in cart, one pale white and grey, the other cream colour; the road in many places has some very sharp turns, so not being very wide, a horn has to be blown to warn other possible drivers in front that we are coming; there is

really next to no protection from the, sometimes, perpendicular sides; behind the carts are wedges of wood hung on string, so that when they have to stop the wheel rests on the wedge and the vehicle is thus prevented from rolling backwards.

Night.—Fire in sitting-room, no rain, but very cloudy; went for a turn before dinner, coolish, but not feverishly bitter as it was at Delhi. To the dweller in Kandi and Colombo, the journey to and the place itself make a treat looked forward to with eagerness and welcomed with intense pleasure; the relief from the heat of the South to the coolness and showers of the hills, to a climate, in fact, very nearly approaching that of England, is the yearly holiday and change many are able to procure; hotels and lodgings are soon filled, and new bungalows are springing up; the railway, which is of recent construction, of course increasing largely the number of visitors.

This evening, I have been chatting with Mrs. G—s; she and her husband have been in Madras for many years; she has been telling me her satisfactory experiences of Indian servants; people's accounts differ very much. Nuwara Eliya means "City of Light," a pretty name. Lots of gorse in full bloom; that, and the hills, rising purple round a lake, and a rather cloudy evening sky, made us think of England on our arrival—and fires in the rooms, thick blankets on the beds, and windows that could be actually securely shut, still more!

March 20th. 5 o'clock p.m.—Pouring and pelting rain, it began while we were in the Hakgala Botanic gardens, about six miles from here, down hill most of the way. One of our horses fell, but beyond a scratch or two, did not seem hurt. The road was fearfully unprotected and very narrow in some parts. I suppose the authorities will wait till there are a few serious accidents, and then will bestir themselves to insist on some walling being put up; the fall of the horse made us realize how extremely dangerous the road is; if it had taken place a few yards farther on, some, if

not all of us, would have been killed or maimed for life. The Hakgala gardens are very inferior to those at Peradenaya, but the view from them over the extensive Uva district, is well worth the drive to see. We noticed plenty of the big white flowered Datura plant, and admired the Musa Ensete or Abyssinia banana leaves, ten to twelve feet in length with midrib of a deep red colour, and the Eucalyptus with its powdery blue sort of tint, and then there were Caseorina trees and enormous tree ferns. Driving back, I am almost certain I saw a jonquil-like flower growing on a rock above the road, I would have got out to look at it closer, but the rain was pouring down ; a native man passing, threw his stick at it, hoping that the blossoms would fall down, I suppose, neatly gathered for him ; of course, he only smashed it. This morning, earlyish, we walked round the lake, about six miles ; saw some lovely butterflies, green lizards with big eyes busy catching flies, king-fishers, frogs making a prodigious croaking, a few coffee plants in flower, lots of tall rhododendron plants, and we gathered some white passion flowers. It is a new experience, being in a place where there is no regular bazaar and where no one asks us to buy anything ; there seems no manufacture or handicraft in the place, and the fruit is very poor ; we miss the nice fruit. This afternoon we saw some arum lilies in flower, growing near some cottages, not wild ; cottages look Swiss-like and well-to-do.

About art ; does England shine in criticism and choice ; and India, China and Japan in creation ? India often being unconscious of its great gifts of creation and originality, therefore allows inferiority to make its way in from other countries, because of its lack of the critical facility ? It has genius, but not judgment ?

March 21st.—We started early this morning to walk to the top of Peduratalagala, familiarly called "Pedro," the highest mountain in Ceylon, 8,296 feet above the sea ; we ought to have had the best views of the surrounding country, but we only had cloud scenery to admire,

great billows of clouds rolled below and sometimes rose and enveloped us. We did not stay at the top long, but descended the way we came, through woods of rhododendrons, which grow to a great height, to trees really, the flowers generally appearing at the top. I saw a little brown squirrel, rather like our English squirrel. R. got a few tree orchid roots. No rain at present, three o'clock, but the sky looks threatening. We noticed women carrying long bundles of wood on their heads; how do they manage to bear such weights? We saw prisoners at work in the jungle, and boys leading some sporting dogs.

Night.—Been chatting with Mrs. —— after dinner. She told me much about the Rao of Kutch and other native swells. The young Rao seems to be a superior young fellow, about twenty-one years old, has not been educated in England, but has received a fair English education in India. At sixteen years old, though too young by law to ascend the throne, he was allowed a seat on his own council; he wanted to have only one wife, but was obliged to have two, was betrothed to one or both many years ago; they are strict Purdah women. Much depends on the English Resident of a native state as to how the Raos and Rajahs go on. He finds it difficult, and in some cases impossible, to act against old customs and observances, though in his mind he rebels against them; his younger brother *not* a nice fellow. She mentioned the subject of officials having to refuse presents from natives and so on; if not returned to the donor, they go to Government to be sold, the people to whom they were originally given having the first opportunity of buying them.

Two Singhalese gentlemen in full European dress arrived this afternoon with an English lady and gentleman; the elder of the two Singhalese is the Hon.-Dias, judge in Colombo, his nephew is F. Dias, both very dark.

We should much like to go and see the ancient Hindu and Buddhist ruins at Anuradhapura, Polon-

naruwa, etc., but our limited time puts such a scheme out of the question, a great deal of the way has to be travelled in a bullock cart.

March 22nd.—I have been reading "The Religions of India," by A. Barth, translated by the Rev. J. Wood; my other literature lately has been chiefly guide books.

We did not go out early this morning, but after a late breakfast we walked to the Moon plains; it would have been one of our most delightful walks, but most of the time it was showery, and about two miles from our hotel, returning back, torrents of rain fell, drenching us; a lady told us that this was the time of the "little monsoon," a foretaste of what will follow in a month or two. In the Moon plains the moonstones are found, which in Colombo find such a ready sale; we saw plenty of little pits dug out of the soppy wet clay, and if we had groped about with our hands we might have found some small stones, but the process would have been an extremely messy one, and it is very probable our efforts would have gone unrewarded. How much we should like to see an elephant come crashing through the jungle! There are wild ones within reachable distance here, and not long ago, one was seen, by some people, coming out of church.

We caught a glimpse of a little wriggly black snake to-day and a yellow-breasted wagtail. Miss L— seems to be an authority on snakes and lots of things in Ceylon; she sits opposite to us. The best Ceylon basket work is made at Kutchera. Several people here are "globe trotters;" some have been, or are going to Japan.

March 24th.—Colombo.—We arrived here yesterday evening between eight and nine. What a wonderful journey it is from Nuwara Eliya; past precipices, torrent beds, the Sensation rock and others!

Notes on the way.—Very clear morning. Hakgalla peak seems *to invite* us to go to the top of it; carriage late, we have sent our luggage with Kanji in a bullock

cart to the station; man drives well, difficult turns. Gravestones at road side, lady in carriage (post coach really) says they are the graves of men who have died working at the roads; we shall see some more near railway; she tells us fruit is not good at Nuwara Eliya (none was given to us at the hotel, we felt the want of it: hitherto we had had fruit at almost every meal), also, that all the year round in Ceylon, fruit and vegetables are nearly always the same; there is very little change of season; it becomes tiring after a year or two; she says Jaffna is drier than other Ceylon places. Adam's Peak looks very fine; it is not so high as "Pedro," but looks more of a mountain; occasionally there are landslips about here. In train.—Lots of plantations, chiefly tea; beautiful blue sky and white clouds, *such* a lovely day it is.—We are going down and it is getting warmer.—Talakawarla station.—Women carrying long pieces of palm leaf to shelter them from the sun; one is always seeing something interesting or picturesque.—Naricola station.—Got into breakfast car.

Later.—Are in our carriage again; *much* warmer; we like the heat. Nuwara Eliya was a nice place, but we had had about enough; one did not come out this long trip to find English April weather! Some of the Singhalese have such odd sort of eyes, as if they had pieces of glass over them. I am looking again into "Robert Ellesmere."—Fruit being sold at the stations, and I have bought pine-apples, bananas and oranges, the last quite green outside, but ripe; fruit *is* nice, it seems so right and natural to eat fruit, and so unnatural to eat meat, somehow.—Evening coming on, we have left the mountains, and tea plantations almost at an end. Paddy fields now, tanks and palm trees.—Women bathing in a tank, one with baby in her arms. Here we are at Colombo, see announcement of Miss P—y's wedding in a newspaper. A Colonel and Mrs. D—d have brought us budget of letters from Bombay, my first letter from Mrs. P—y P—n!

It is a very hot morning. There was such a noise in streets last night, a procession up a side way near hotel, lime light, instruments, guns and noise, I could not see what it was all about. News of Mrs. O—i's death and Mr. T—t's. C—e gave G—r her wedding breakfast in London.

March 25th.—Very hot yesterday; we had a carriage and drove round and through the place, passed Hindoo temples, and market and bazaars, through palm forests, passed bridge of boats; saw a big tank where men and boys were washing and rubbing huge bullocks; they did so seem to enjoy it; they say no rain has fallen here since we left to go to Kandi. If the nights were a little less hot I could bear the heat very well, in fact I like it, but this last night has been a little trying. I rather dread the four days' sea journey to Bombay; we start to-morrow in the "Pekin;" we shall stay with Mr. and Mrs. P—y P—n at Cumballah Hill, how delightful it will be to be there again!

About three o'clock we went for a "little turn;" as it was Sunday, people hardly bothered us to buy things at all, though many shops were open; it was quite a novelty to walk along unmolested. To-day we are going to poke about the shops in Chatham Street, I want to buy another brass Kandi box and some more wood bound palm-leaved books with a cord run through to keep all together; sometimes the wood is very prettily decorated, lacquered sort of work. We strolled to the landing pier; my mind is exercised and has been so at other places, about the low-looking and neglected Englishmen, sailors and others, I see about; a decided antidote, I should imagine, to missionary enterprise amongst the natives!

Just passed a small procession of Salvation Armyists; a combed Singhalese man leading the way with a flag; it is so funny to see them, the becombed men, I mean.

Afternoon.—The verandah is full of people from the "Arcadia," now lying in harbour; lots of Australians,

consequently a crowd of sellers of stones, porcupine quill boxes, tortoiseshell paper knives, &c. A proof that the chief profit is got from the stones, is that the sellers are always most anxious to entice people into the back parts of the shops where the stones are kept.

A few tremendous claps of thunder and a sharp shower of rain and a breeze. Been chatting with Mr. and Mrs. S—e, he has a Kodak, as well as a large camera. There is a throng of high-capped stone sellers round R., they bring out little stones in pieces of rag, and put their heads on one side and try to tempt! One merchant told R. that he pays £100 a year for the little shop under the hotel; if so, "Tommie" and Co. must pay more, as he has part of the verandah floor as well. Behind a shop this morning, I saw men making tortoiseshell combs and other things; they use their feet a great deal.

On board the Pekin.—March 26th, Tuesday night.—Came on board the "Pekin" about 5 o'clock. We had a farewell drive by the sea and round by the Cinnamon Gardens, and at another part of the day went in 'rickshaw along almost the same route. There seem to be only about twelve passengers on this ship, as far as Bombay; we are to start at 11 p.m. We sit next to Captain H—s; the tall young man, Mr. P—l, who was on the "Khedive" is here; he has been in Ceylon and went up Adam's Peak. T. C. is to arrive at Bombay on the 28th, in the troopship "Malabar." I fear we shall miss him, as I suppose he will go on to Cawnpore as soon as he comes.

Wednesday.—We are in such luxury, so few people being on board, we are able to have two three-berthed cabins to ourselves; it is quite comfortable and nice, a great difference from being crowded up with one's baggage in a two-berthed cabin in the heat; they are not on deck, but I don't mind that, as there are so few people.

Wednesday morning.—10 o'clock a.m.—Passing Cape

Cormorin; land getting very clear. Paid a visit to ship's library, got out "Janet Doncaster."

This morning, early, so smooth was the sea that the white clouds were reflected in it; saw flying-fish. 2.o'clock p.m.—Long line of coast, some of the foreground land a brilliant red; sand, soil I suppose it must be, a very bright colour. We have seen queer straggly patches of greeny, unhealthy looking stuff on the surface of the sea, some say that they are most likely fish spawn, at night we should see them phosphorescent.

Have got from the library "£10,000 a year" and have found a table on deck, very comfortable. It is so nice to have few people on board, we feel we can breathe.

28th March.—Had some music last night, the ship's doctor, Dr. H—t, has rather a nice voice and plays his own accompaniments, Miss W—e, an Irishwoman, also sang nicely, has been well taught I should think; the fair youth (I have not spoken to him yet) sang also; one of the songs had the refrain "Oh! call it not loving," a pretty song, I have heard it several times.

Life on board is so quiet and uneventful; we have not been on the hurricane deck yet, it is mostly occupied by native sailors, who are returning to Bombay from some place or other; their engagement ended at Colombo. What a comfort it is to have two roomy cabins, it *is* hot now, no doubt about it! If the ten people on board were one's own friends, how very delightful it would be; we see each other so often, and yet the boat is so large that one could always have an "alone" time if one wished. We brought some mangoes on board from Colombo; everyone says the Bombay mangoes are the best, but they come on later than this.

Friday, 29th March.—Before breakfast.—Sky grey and cloudy all over. Yesterday uneventful. I played bull's head quoits with R. Passed land all day; not nearly so varied in colour and form as yesterday. I find "£10,000 a year" very dull. Mrs. C—t, who is with her daughter on board, told me one or two stories, an evening or two ago, about life at Peshawur; from what

she said, I think her husband was, or is, an officer in a native regiment. She said the Afghans make robbery raids into the place very often: they don't seem to care much for money or jewellery, but steal horses and arms when they can, and are very cheeky and clever. On one occasion a gentleman's horse was stolen, and he gave notice that he would give the man who brought it a reward and would make no attempt to punish the robber. A few days afterwards, a man arrived with the horse, and the money was given to him. The owner then said, "Now tell me how you stole that horse; he was standing between two syces, how did you manage to get him away?" The man answered, that if the gentleman liked, he would show him how. The Afghan then nimbly mounted the horse and said. "You see I get on him like this, and he steps over the men like this." And then he urged the steed into a gallop and was off out of reach before those standing by realised that he had stolen the animal over again with the reward in his clothes! Those waxed painted cloths are done at Peshawur, I bought two specimens at different places I have been at, in India.

We expect to arrive in Bombay to-morrow morning early. We have music in the evening; I can't contribute to the entertainment, as my music books are in the hold in a corded box. *How* nice it is to have this nearly empty ship!

Night.—Passed Vingorla rocks to-day. Been chatting with Miss W—e, who knows Dublin very well, she happened to mention that Dr. M—n had married again.

Been playing chess with that young Mr. — (don't know his name), who has to do with tea-planting in Ceylon, and is going to make a little holiday tour in the North of India. Mr. P—l has been showing me photos he has been taking; one a group of some "Khedive" passengers.

One or two people say they saw a whale to-day; I didn't. Very cloudy.

April 2nd, Tuesday.—Cumballah Hill, Bombay.—We arrived safely on Saturday morning last: Mr. P—n met us on board; delightful to be here again; we have driven in and about Bombay and had chats innumerable. I feel as if I were on india-rubber springs.

Mrs. S—r is staying here, and Miss T—e also. Miss B. S. arrived in Bombay yesterday from travelling about at Ajmere, etc., and is staying at a hotel quite near here; she is not very well, overdoing herself I expect.

Last Sunday evening we went to the "deval" of members of what answers to the "Brahmo Somaj," called here "Prathna Somaj. It was held in a large room in Girgaum; there are extra lectures and meetings going on just at this time, to celebrate the anniversary of the founding of the sect, if one may call it so.

The hymns and prayers were sung and said in Mahratti and there was was a queer musical instrument played; the long address was composed and delivered in English by the Hon. Mahadeo Govind Ranade, C.S.I.; he expressed himself very well, grammar good and English clear and forcible, but there was no spirituality about it, not exactly an address to evoke enthusiasm or promote conversion; this no doubt, to a great extent, on account of its being meant as merely a history of the past and what was being done in the present; a practical, as it were business, lecture.

It was an extremely interesting meeting and it was certainly striking to hear a native speak in such excellent cultivated language; it very likely was a prepared speech, but I did not see any notes. A crowd of natives was present, many with picturesque turbans. This evening there is to be an address in same place by an eloquent preacher, called Professor Bhandarkar, M.A. P.H.D. There were a few women amongst the congregation, very noticeable was Pundita Ramabai in her white garments and with intelligent oval face; she is the young native widow who has been to England and

America lately, to collect money for a Home which she has now started in Bombay for Hindoo widows; their lot at present is very sad, and she wishes to do something, at least, to help some of them to a refuge where they can keep their caste customs if they wish, but also learn to do useful things; she lives in it herself with her little girl; her book "The High Caste Hindu Woman," published by George Bell and Sons, is, I believe, well worth reading. She did not wear her saree altogether like a native, as she had strings to tie it under her chin; when she came into the building she had slippers on, which she put off during the service; she is a Christian. Near her were the other women present, bright lcoking they were. We spoke to some men coming out, whom Mrs. P—y P—n knew. How interesting it all is, and how *too* near is our departure! In honour of their wedding, Mrs. P—y P—n had three "At homes" here, one for Europeans, one for natives, and one for Purdah ladies; no men at all were allowed to appear at the last, she even dismissed for the day her waiting men-servants and some women came to help. Mrs. P—y P—n was much amused by some of the ladies asking to see Mr. P—y P—n, and when surprise was expressed, they said that "he need not see *them*; he could be put in the light—they in the dark!" making of him a veritable peepshow; the request was not granted.

The American gentleman at Kandi told us that he had been visiting Bengal after more than twenty-five years' absence, and that he found no change in family life, women's condition remaining the same, etc.; but experiences differ, and Mrs. G. at Nuwara Eliya, told me she had seen a great deal of difference during her stay in Madras of twenty years or so.

We have had much chat, and are enjoying ourselves; Miss T—e is as much interested in manners and customs as I am; we are picking up a lot of little odds and ends of information, and now and then we get a big haul!

In speaking of the Jains and their hospital for animals, some one told us that one of the things they did was to collect weevils from the rice and keep them alive, and there is a horrid story of their having beggars in the place sometimes, so that the fleas in the hospital could be fed! I wish their care for animals would make them do their best to prevent the daily cruelty that goes on, working animals with sores; twisting their tails, etc. Miss T—e, during her travels, has picked up (either bought or they have been given to her) some very nice and interesting things; amongst them a drinking bottle made out of stiff camel's skin (such as are used in deserts; she has been lately on the borders of an Indian desert), a water lota made out of a gourd which some fakeers use, and a dress of a native lady of a certain district, a saree, in fact, which brides wear, only once, on the wedding day, and then I suppose it is put away, or given away, or sold.

While we were driving to the Prathna Somaj meeting the other evening, a native gentleman stopped his carriage, and Mrs. P—y P—n stopped hers, and he got out with two large parcels, presents for Mr. and Mrs. P—y P—n; turned out to be gorgeous satin quilts; they have had very many nice presents from a lot of people, natives and Europeans. Mr. John Bright is dead; the other day we heard that Miss G—k, of Leeds, is dead.

Yesterday morning we went over the School of Art, and saw students (chiefly Eurasians) painting, drawing and modelling and also learning to plaster; and we saw specimens of industries; one very fine door of brass worked in open work over a white metal, which looked like steel. We went on to the Pottery Works, their work is mostly of a deep turquoise blue colour, but there was brown ware besides; we ordered a few vases and pots, and two big idols, of Ganesh and another god. The Superintendent told us that his best potters were away at some funeral obsequies, and would be absent for some days more.

Evening.—This morning Mrs. P—y P—n drove me with her to the native part of the town, to see a Mahometan patient of hers; she had told me of the dirty houses belonging to quite rich people, but I hardly expected one like this; the staircase leading up to the room where the woman lived was just filthy, egg shells and other refuse, thrown out of the rooms I suppose, were there, and it was dark and thoroughly uninviting; the floor of the room was fairly clean, with one rich Eastern rug and two long pieces of matting on it; the furniture, some of it, was beautifully carved but very dirty and neglected; one or two cabinets with glass doors were filled with toys and cheap ornaments. In the corner of the rug sat crouched an elderly woman crying, with women sitting round condoling or weeping with her; her daughter, Mrs. P—y P—n's patient, told us that the mourner, was her mother who had lately lost her husband; there was a certain dignity about the young woman and she offered me a chair and seemed interested in my coming; she is the wife of a rich merchant, and her hands were quite begrimed! There was a pretty little dark-eyed boy with the women visitors, they had some pretty embroidery on their dresses, which were of good material, but they were dirty too. The lady of the house showed me some fancy work begun on a pillow, a sort of plaited lace narrow braid; I was glad to find a sign of some occupation in the place; a tall woman servant stood about and carried Mrs. P—y P—n's bag to the carriage, she seemed pleased to come, and spoke volubly.

Driving to the house, Mrs. P—y P—n showed me a newspaper in which there was a letter from Rukmabai, thanking those who had sympathised with her and helped her to go to England; she had refused to go and live with her husband, to whom she had been married ceremonially when she was a mere little child; there was a great fuss about it, and at the end of various legal proceedings the result is, that she is considered married in so far that she cannot marry

any one else, but that she is not obliged to live with her husband; if he dies, she can marry again, as she belongs to a caste which allows re-marriage of widows; she has gone to England now to study medicine and other subjects. I shall be so deeply sorry to leave India, I don't want to go for ever so long; we are enjoying ourselves immensely here. I have given Kanji a jubilee medal.

We went to see two or three mosques to-day, nothing much about them, the farthest off one took us along roads we had not been to before; more interesting native part of the town and so on.

We called on Mrs. S—s and Miss B. S. the latter had a bad headache and was not well enough to see us.

A propos of burning bodies at Hindoo funerals, I have heard how, when women have bangles which are welded round so that they cannot be taken off, the husband, or person to whom they would belong, waits at the funeral pile, and when the body is burned to ashes takes the ornaments out; in some cases, if the person is in a hurry, he will hardly wait for that time, but will break the bones to get at what he wants; how ghastly!

The early mornings and nights here are *very* warm, but a breeze springs up during the day, and it is not at all too hot in the evening.

Wednesday, April 3rd.—A Mrs. S—d was at breakfast this morning, she is wife of the Commissioner for Northern part of Bombay Presidency, and has had a good deal to do with a hospital lately started for women at Ahmenabad. She had plenty to say about native manners and ways, and amused us much by an account of a Mahometan wedding she was at; the bridegroom was about thirteen and enjoyed ices and refreshments, not paying much attention to his wife, who was about fifteen; she had her eyes fastened down with gum and did not speak, as it was the custom for the bride neither to see nor speak for a month after she was married, and if she wished to leave

Date Palm.

Man gathering Jak fruit.
Ceylon.

the room, she must be carried! How absurd it is! We shopped to-day and bought two turbans, a Bunya's and a Brahmin's.

April 4th.—Last night there was a dinner party here, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. (*Bombay Gazette*) came, and Mr. K—n, who is, I think, inspector of public instruction, Dr. Atmaran and Mr. Modak (both Hindoos, we had seen and spoken to them at the Prathna Somaj meeting), Hon. Mr. Buddradeen Tyabjee, a Mahometan member of the Legislative Council, Mr. Modak's wife and Dr. Atmaran's daughter, a nice looking girl, who is studying medicine and would like to go to England; with the exception of Mrs. Modak, a tiny, pleasant faced woman, all could understand and speak English well; both ladies wore sarees, but they had other garments as well. Dr. Atmaran took me into dinner, he was very pleasant to converse with, and altogether this experience of the natives has been a very agreeable one. Both he and Mr. Tyabjee expressed a wish to me that more English people would travel and become acquainted with the inhabitants of the country. I liked Dr. Atmaran particularly. Of course, these are, as it were, picked natives, superior to the general run.

As we had expressed a wish to hear and see a native band, Mrs. P—y P—n very kindly had four men up to play, they brought five or six instruments with them. The music was monotonous, but I liked hearing it for a time, it was very weird and curious, and sometimes the men moved their heads in a sort of accompaniment and raised their eyes; the drum interested me most, and the way the man played it; it sounded as if he must have pieces of wood under his fingers, but he hadn't. Mrs. P—y P—n bought the chief stringed instrument with peacock's head for B—e, and R. ordered a drum for ourselves.

Night.—Another shopping morning; saw the young tea planter with whom we became acquainted on the "Pekin," and found out that his name is R—s; saw some Rajput men and women in the streets, and some

burly big men, rather of a negro type, leaning back in carriages, smoking; dressed in red, no turbans.

This afternoon we went to tea, a sort of "at home," at some Parsees, the Murzbans; many of the ladies as well as gentlemen spoke English well, several had travelled a great deal; I could only see one other English person present, and that was a lady who was leaving as we arrived. The interior of the house was much as English houses in Bombay are. I spoke with several Parsees, and one gentleman Mr. Kabajee, who sent the Indian musicians to play at Mrs. P—y P—n's, introduced me to his five daughters, some of whom played the piano and sang in unison from Sullivan's "Pirate of Penzance." I talked to one lady about their dress, and hoped they would not take to English dress, and she said "No, she did not think they would, as they found their own fashion so comfortable, so little trouble, and no fitting required;" the pretty narrow-worked borders of their sarees they often do themselves. The only ugly part of their costume is the white cap over their foreheads and their shoes, black and slip-shod sort of things; the former they are gradually arranging, so that it recedes and is hardly seen, and the latter are giving place to French or English boots and shoes, which, however, do not harmonize with their dress at all well; I wish they would wear Indian embroidered, or coloured leather shoes, at any rate in-doors. I don't like the dress of the Parsee men, the shiny, high, turban hat, and imitation or adaptation of European costume; the little girls and boys are dressed almost exactly alike, coloured trousers, jackets and little round turbans or caps, the little girls being chiefly distinguished by wearing their hair long, whereas that of the boys is usually cut short.

This evening the Mahometan lady whom Mrs. P—y P—n took me to see, sent some "pillau," rather nice. I have given Kanjo a Gujerati New Testament; that is the language he can read.

ON BOARD THE "PEKIN."

Homeward Journey.

April 6th.—Here we are; such a crowd of people, and several children and ayahs. We all lunched at the Bombay Yacht Club yesterday and then Mrs. P—y P—n and party came on board and stayed till the bell gave notice that all visitors must depart, and then we reluctantly said "Good-bye."

Oh, it is sad to be off, really going away. We have so much enjoyed ourselves and were not in the least bit tired of our visit, nothing approaching to being bored.

I spoke to Mr. M—t and Mr. B—n and some other gentlemen whom I had either met at Mrs. P—y P—n's or on ships. We have a deck cabin. The kites and parrots and peacock all had a share in my farewells at Cumballah Hill; the only things I did *not* regret leaving were the mosquitoes, a vivid remembrance of which I have markedly now on my feet and hands; they seemed really poisonous this last time.

Sunday, April 7th.—Not at all too hot yesterday; the sun seems to come very little into our cabin; not in the morning at all, and I have had two nights of really rest. I have finished Amy Levy's "Reuben Sachs," a dull story of Anglo-Jewish life, some clever touches in it; here is an extract:—"He appraised Lord Norwood very justly, recognized instinctively the charms of mind and manner which had cast such glamour over him in his cousin's eyes, recognized also his limitations with an irritated consciousness that he, Reuben, was being judged at a far less open-minded tribunal. In

such cases, it is always the more intelligent person who is at a disadvantage; he appreciates and is not appreciated." Now I have from the library, Samuel Warren's "Diary of a late Physician," some very awful stories in it. This is the same boat, same captain, etc., as we had from Colombo to Bombay.

I am very glad to have found my cabin trunk; to be without it, even just for one night, was a serious loss, from the physical comfort point of view; it had been, by mistake, put into the hold. Yesterday they had a half-practice for fire alarm; no boats were put out. This morning there was the usual Sunday morning parade of crew, and then afterwards the Church Service, which the Captain held.

A few of our passengers remind me of some of Caldecott's pictures, particularly two men, one long and thin, fair young man, and one dark man. I am reading Jessie Fothergill's "Lasses of Leverhouse," not interesting. I have not felt the heat yet, there has been a pleasant breeze and the sun comes very little into our cabin. A little boy had a flying-fish in his hand the other evening, and a lady told me one flew into her cabin on to her berth.

April 8th.—Farther and farther away from India, why is not the boat turned the other way? Much warmer yesterday, and the two last nights have been extremely warm. I played "bull's head" yesterday with R. and Miss F—n; she seems a nice girl, has been travelling with her father; this is her fifth winter abroad. She had been with the lady doctor, Miss B—y, at Lahore, I think, to see a patient, a very rich Mussulwoman, living in as dirty and neglected surroundings as the lady I went to see with Mrs. P—y.P—n; in Miss F—n's experience there *were* show rooms got up in European style but they were not lived in. Guitar and banjo playing last night by ladies. I chatted a little with Mrs. W—n and Mrs. C—s; the latter has curious, large, very dark eyes. Mrs. M—h and the doctor sang. I find our little wicker work table that we

bought from the Chinese in Kalbadavee Street, very useful. The young widow, Mrs. W—r, has rather pretty eyes and is tall, not pretty otherwise; she has a bright little boy called Harry, who seems to have an unlimited supply of nice frocks, and always looks fresh and clean, which is more than can be said of some of the other children. There are lotteries on the runs as usual.

April 9th.—Very hot; I don't like the hurricane deck, though the breeze blows rather stronger there than down below; it is so smelly, one side of it being taken up with sheep, fowls, a dog, and two white Persian cats, very different from the "Peninsular," hurricane deck. Chatted with Colonel W—n about "Robert Ellesmere," several of the travellers I have met, have been reading that book and the "African Farm." During our voyage I have seen one steamer and this morning I see a sail and, I think, some very distant land. One thing I like about this ship better than the "Peninsular" is our deck cabin, the port-hole of it opening on the sea instead of the deck, and of course we have the door on to the deck and a little window as well. A little more sea on last evening and a few people unwell. Oh! it *is* warm, and one does so much feel it on the sea. Mrs. P—y P—n gave R. a very fine gold mohur before coming away, very good impression; what reminds me of that now is, that a girl who sits near me at meals wears a very pretty belt made of two rows of old silver rupees.

Night.—Saw land faintly, very faintly, to-day; Cape Remat, etc. (English name, Cape Windsdeath). The Captain told me that about there, there are constant feuds between the hill and the plain people. This afternoon I saw a lot of porpoises; they looked so cool and happy rolling about in the water. A poor night jar has been flying on deck, come all the way from land; it must be tired; I hope it will be fed. Two children run about barefoot; so sensible I think to let them dispense with shoes and stockings. I have been playing chess and backgammon with R. *Very* hot to-day; I do

wish the hurricane deck was not so odiferous. Been reading "Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," by Charles Lever, have now got "Piccadilly," by Laurence Oliphant.

Thursday morning early.—Most exhausting day yesterday; a breeze did spring np occasionally, but not enough to really cool us; I was downright tired. I don't sympathise with people who talk about the exhilarating sea; I dislike the sea, and certainly feel the heat much more on it than on land. We stopped before daylight at Aden to coal, left again before 7 a.m. It was so tantalizing not being there longer; such striking rocks, and there would have been variety, people going to and from shore, men selling things, etc. I heard a few little diving boys with their incessant cry, "Have a dive, have a dive." "Yes, yes, yes." "Girurr, girurr, girurr." "Good-bye, good-bye, sir, yes, yes;" queer little brown boys. The fine coal dust, of course, got into our cabin, and into our hair and everything, and there is no nice little barber's shop to go to, as there was on the "Peninsular." We got newspapers and letters at Aden, news of E—y F—d's pictures being accepted by the Grosvenor. The jagged outlines of rocks at Aden and to a great extent on the coast, are very fine; they stood out, pink, against the pale morning sky. We did not lose sight of land all day yesterday, passing through Babelmandeb, or the Gate of Tears, and past Perim, Mocha, etc. Plenty of pretty sea gulls flying about. A lady on board tells me, that when she came out to India in this very ship, some fools shot at the sea gulls; it is quite horrid, how reckless some people are about taking life, and wounding feeling creatures; in this case particularly revolting, because they only had the pleasure (!) of killing; they could not, of course, stop the ship to get the birds. I saw one or two picturesque boats and some steamers; the sea was an intense deep black blue with breakers; it *looked* rough, but the wind being with us, our ship did

not toss at all. The people who sit next to R. are General and Mrs. M—ne and two daughters, rather a handsome family, and opposite to us are Sir R. and Lady S—n, very nice people, and General and Mrs. S. E. Chatted yesterday, a little, with the wife of the English Resident at Hyderabad, Mrs. H—l, she told me that some of the native states have their own postage stamps. Oh! it has been exhaustingly hot, and I fear we have a few more days of it; my feet not quite well, those pigs of "misskittys!" Nearly a week of our journey ended.

April 12th, Friday early.—Caught a cold and was very uncomfortable yesterday, tickling throat, etc. Saw porpoises close to the vessel, their whole bodies jumped out of the water. Nothing happened. I heard a story, that a young subaltern stationed at Perim, which is most awfully hot, arid, and dreary, got so bored with his own company that he invited his serjeant to dine with him. That reaching the ears of headquarters and being considered an unpardonable breach of discipline and etiquette, he was dismissed the army. I don't know if the story is really true.

April 14th, Sunday morning early.—Not so hot yesterday; my cold almost gone; they say we have passed the hottest time now. Had a long chat with Mr. F—r (whose wife is slightly like L—e), chiefly about education of the natives, conversions and so on. So much of the education of the men is but skin deep; this is one instance—and he knew of others: a man had been several years in England, dressing and eating like Englishmen; soon after returning to India, Mr. F—r found him in his house squatting on the floor, with next to no clothes on, eating his food! Another instance, of rather a different kind, was this, a Brahmo Somaj man, a reformer, lost his wife and married again within six weeks a child under seven years old! There are more native Christians about Madras than anywhere else in India. We talked about art, imitation, etc., all to do with India. I wish I could be there a

whole six months, such a lot I have not seen, have not done, have not enquired about. But the voyage! I thoroughly dislike sea life, the never ceasing pump of the engine, the crowd of people, the monotony, so stupefying.

April 15*th*, *a.m.*—Coolish yesterday. Sea very smooth. We passed the Two Brothers, on one of the rocks stood the lighthouse; what a lonely, bare, desolate place to live in! I am told the men have only three months' duty at a time, quite enough. *Very* little rain ever falls there; the dreariness and dulness must be simply dreadful. We saw land a good deal yesterday's journey, passed quite close to Chadwan Island, where a lighthouse has been built within the last few years; it was in the evening, the moon was shining, and the lighthouse light revolved, occasionally a deep bright red colour; very pretty altogether. Had chats with different people; about State and Individualism, etc., with Mr. F—r.; spoke to the long young man, Captain D—r, R.A. Is it Captain B—n, R.H.A., who is so untidy? Our military neighbour, General M—ne, tells rather good Scotch stories sometimes.

Ship's parade yesterday and service: music in evening. Miss F—n sang, and Mrs. F—r sang, playing the piano while Mr. F—r played the violin; there were other performances too. This morning the sea (Gulf of Suez) looks rather rough, and the spray is blowing about; it was rather cloudy last night. A game called "shovels" is sometimes played on board, with long poles having a sort of curved spade at the end, and there are round pieces of wood which have to be pushed on to numbers chalked on the ground. Sea air is not good for the hair; makes it so straight and ungovernable and I dislike the sticky feeling.

Afternoon.—It is rather curious, one of the men who, I said, reminded me of some of Caldecott's pictures, turns out to be named Caldecott! I wonder if he is a relation. We stopped at Suez this morning for about an hour, people came on board with things to sell, nothing

interesting. Exquisite colours on the sea, streaks of turquoise, emerald, peacock blue, and in the distance, purple; and then there was the hazy, pinky sky and the golden sand; up to about ten o'clock it was quite cold, and the sea was a slate grey, with breakers. Such a change afterwards! A few new passengers have come on board, R. had some letters which he ought to have received on the "Peninsular." We are now in the canal, have seen Arabs and camels, plenty of the latter being loaded and unloaded where the canal is being widened. So quiet it is, we glide on with apparently no motion. Desolation on shore.

Later.—In the Bitter lake; tops of distant hills look as if covered with snow, very white rock, I suppose. I am told Mr. H. D. wrote a little skit, called 1983; I have seen the book in some one's hand on board, but have not read it. I see that the Earl of Carlisle is dead, so the George Howards [illegible] own Naworth Castle now; we saw Naworth, that Roman Wall excursion time. The hues of colour now are extremely beautiful, red and golden and pale yellow sand, and there is the soft tinted sky.

When people play the piano very badly, I wish they would keep to light and ordinary things and not massacre good music; this *àpropos* of a player on board. The doctor has rather a nice voice and touch on the piano, but wants a great deal of training and practice.

Tuesday, April 16th. 5 o'clock p.m.—Such a coaling at Port Said this morning, beginning about 5 o'clock.

We went on shore early, so did many others, nothing to see at Port Said, shops mostly rubbishy and stupid, but it was a change to walk about on land: another big ship was coaling too, the coal men look such demons, so black and wild-looking. The Egyptian women wear on their noses, a heavy, uncomfortable looking metal bar and a sort of short curtain over lower part of the face. We returned on board to find a clever conjuror performing—very clever ring trick, he did, amongst others; he called the gentlemen, "Mr.

Consul," "Mr. Fergusson," "Mr. Masher," and the ladies, "Mrs. Langtry" and "Mrs. Consul!" Quite a cold wind to-day; summer garments are giving place to winter ones.

April 17th, Wednesday night.—Quite cool to-day; we are all in cloths and serges. Now and then the sea has been a little rough, we passed Crete, saw Mount Ida, snow on summit, not a pretty day; a dingy grey. Music again, this evening, notwithstanding the motion. Mr. and Mrs. F—r sang and played that pretty thing of Brage's, a serenade is it? The first time I heard it was years ago at the N—ns', a young man cousin of theirs played the flute where Mr. F—r played the violin. I had a little chat with Mr. B—s, who has lately lost his wife, and has a small baby on board with two ayahs; he was telling me, how that when they returned to India, he had promised to pay a hundred rupees caste money for each ayah; their caste people would then have a dinner, there would be some sort of ceremony, and then they would be re-instated in caste opinion and privileges, of which they had deprived themselves by leaving their country and undergoing the possibility of eating unclean food, being absent from their priests and temples, and so on! I like Sir R. and Lady S—n, he is English Resident at Quetta.

April 18th, early morning.—We are passing the Tomai Islands, I see snow, and in the near parts, little patches of bright green, the rest reddy bare and dull yellow ochry.

Later. 5 p.m.—Coldish wind, bright sunshine, such a beautiful journey it has been to-day, and is now. Never out of sight of land both sides, and at times quite close; I could see houses, churches, currant plantations, windmills, etc.; ships do not always go amongst these islands; when we went out to India we skirted them, but when the sea and wind and weather are favourable and the passage is in the day time, captains will often take their passengers amongst them. We shall pass Corfu to-night. Been chatting with Mrs.

H—t, whom I rather like, about getting to know people and so on. I don't get on with strangers, particularly when there is such a crowd.

Saturday, April 20th, before breakfast.—Stayed all yesterday at Brindisi, a cold, windy, dusty day; hardly anything to see; we walked in morning to post office and to Roman Remains, and R. went into a church.

Being Good Friday, there was a procession, which we saw; it passed along the Quay before we left the ship; to me, there seemed next to no reverent feeling shown amongst the followers, but the experience of some of my fellow passengers is different.

First came men bearing a great board with life-sized figure of Christ kneeling opposite a tree, a small angel in the tree; that was to represent the garden of Gethsemane; the next represented the scourging of Christ by Roman soldiers; the next, Christ being led bound, the fourth, Christ carrying the cross, fifth, his dead body lying in a hearse, and the last the Virgin Mary dressed as a nun, in mourning, wringing her hands and looking upwards, a band of solemn music accompanying it. The men carrying number three, had crowns of thorns on their heads. Mrs. L. N—l's ayah said, "Ah, I see! that is what the Hindoos do, and so when these people have done walking, they will go feast!" Mrs. L. N—l tried to explain that Good Friday was a *fast* day, but no, the ayah persisted in her belief that "they would go feast!" Soon after they passed, a long line of prisoners went along the Quay with their clanking chains.

In the afternoon, we had a drive to what is called the "tea garden," kept by a woman whose husband has to do with the P. and O. company; tea inferior, garden not much, but there was a view of the fort and wall, and the drive made a diversion in a long day; oranges and lemons in fruit, pears in flower, pansies and roses blossoming, but the things looked very dry, and the general effect was bare. When we returned from the outside of the boundaries of the town, a gendarme

looked into our carriage, but, of course, found nothing. When we got back to the ship, a good many people had left to go off to Naples, or across Europe by the mail, amongst them Sir and Lady S—n, General and Mrs. S. E—s, Mrs. H—t, Captain D—r (the long, thin young man, who, by-the-bye, has not returned the book I lent him! he lent me one which I *did* return, "1983," an amusing little skit, supposing that the English Government had quitted India, and left the Baboos to form a Parliament); Captain B—n, the untidiest man on board, Mrs. H—l, Mr. and Mrs. F—r, and Mrs. C—s, etc.; our end of the table is much changed. I saw a Lascar, this afternoon, lift up a glove with his toe so adroitly! About twenty people have come on at Brindisi and more are coming on at Malta and Gibraltar. We have had two musicians on board in the day, and a third came in the evening; they played extremely well, and got excellent tones out of their instruments; two mandolins and a guitar; the guitar boy was rather pretty; they had no music and had a large *répertoire*; the big boy said the mandolins came from Napoli and that his cost a hundred francs, but some one has told me that it probably cost about thirty shillings.

I am not looking forward with pleasure to our boxes with our Indian things in them being over-hauled at the Customs House; I don't think we have anything at all to declare; if only they would take one's word of honour!

Mr. J—n, a pleasant man who knows Mr. P—n and who got out at Brindisi, had two funny experiences with the customs' officers there: he took with him an Apolinaris water bottle filled with plain water to refresh him on the journey; the officer's eagle eye found it out, insisted on opening it, to see if it contained eau-de-cologne, or spirits! Also, although he had long given up smoking, he had on the top of his portmanteau a pipe; he was asked if he had any tobacco, "No," said he, "I do not smoke;" they opened his baggage,

and the first thing they saw was the pipe; and then they overhauled and upset everything he had! There is a tiny baby very ill on board. The nicest, cheerfulest and smilingest baby, is Mrs. L. N—l's little girl. We are passing land, Italy. I am writing in my cabin; there is a deep green blue sea; it is cold and I should like a fire to go to, the saloon at top of companion stairs is chilly, though stuffy. I saw an ayah, the other day, after she had eaten an orange, stow away the peel comfortably under the cushions of the seat! We did not start away from Brindisi till the middle of last night. I have been reading "Cressy" and trying to read "Cruise of the Excelsior," by Bret Harte; both dull.

Evening.—This afternoon we passed the "Peninsular" coming from Malta, and our ship hoisted the Union Jack. It was roughish to-day, a fretful sea, several people ill. The deck looks so altered now; half the awning taken down and many people gone, and new ones come; wind not so cold to-day. Mrs. M—y's babies such delicate little things, the younger one very seriously ill. Spoke to Mrs. C—e to-day, Mrs. H—t seemed to pity her travelling alone, and not being well. Am reading "Meeson's Will," by Rider Haggard.

April 21st, Easter Sunday.—A glorious day; sea smooth, cool but gentle breeze and bright sunshine. We stopped at Malta six hours, arriving there between six and seven o'clock a.m. R. and I went on shore to breakfast at the Imperial Hotel and then we had a carriage and drove out to Civita Vechia; went into the Cathedral there and were present at part of the service; there were priests with magnificent vestments; what dignitary was the one in the curly long grey wig, who carried a mace? There was a band of music (we could not see it), which played rather well; not much in the way of singing.

We went into the church of San Paolo and saw a catacomb underground, with marble statues of St. Paul; handsome silver lamps and candlesticks were in the chapel; then we went on to some catacombs along

underground narrow passages; the guide said the Saracens used to be there; the information was vague and we must look up the truth; there were many places where dead bodies had been. We had a capital pair of horses that went without urging, and we found our way to the church, where the dome is the chief thing to see; the door was locked and no one seemed willing or able to take trouble to get us the key; it was fortunate we did not stop, as we only arrived on board about ten minutes before the ship started! Malta is very glary, the rocks, stones and houses are white and there seem very few trees; we saw fields of a red flower, which reminded me of both clover and peas, and we saw a lot of corn marigolds; there were quantities of roses for sale in the streets; the faldetto that the women wear is very gloomy, always black. Several more passengers have come on board, and as only one or two got off, I expect the cabins are as full as they were before Brindisi. Men came on board to sell coral, lace, etc., but we left the ship so soon in the morning, and returned so late, that we hardly saw their things at all.

April 22nd.—While I was dressing for dinner, yesterday evening, I saw on the sea thousands and thousands of what looked like big bubbles with tiny transparent sails, floating along: the Captain at dinner asked me if I had seen the Portuguese men of war, which were the pretty little things I had seen; I suppose they are a sort of jelly fish.

A chaos of chairs on deck, so many of the Brindisi people left theirs to go on to London.

It really is curious how very, very little English ladies come into contact (some not at all) with Indian native ladies; I have spoken to a good many English ladies now, who can tell me hardly anything; I really don't think they know more than I do.

The girl who is a great deal with Miss F—n has a face that interests me; she was on the "Khedive," between Calcutta and Colombo, with another girl.

There is a tiny little white fluffy puppy on board, bought at Malta by the "gunner" for ten shillings, for a lady; it reminds me of little Peterkins at Antwerp.

I fear we shall only stay an hour or two at Gibraltar, not long enough to see the Fort properly. It was Colonel H—r, who lent me the Malta guide book. Yesterday afternoon we saw the wreck of the "Sultan" struck against a rock a few weeks ago between Malta and Cummio, the Captain of it is said to be a most unlucky man, having had other sea-faring misfortunes; what a dismal thing a wreck looks. We passed the Island of Gozo.

Later, bedtime.—Such lovely phosphorescent lights, seemed to be of a different colour from what we have seen before; R. took Mrs. C—e and me to the bows to see the ship cutting through the lights. Along the coast of Africa to-day, passed Island of Gallita on the right of us. Saw mirage effect very markedly; at first I thought there really was a long line of coast behind the island. Warm to-day; felt my winter dress rather too much.

A General H—n and party on board; we have such a military lot of passengers; some more children and babies. Played chess with Mrs. H. S—r. Reading "Noir et Rose," by Ohnet; Mr. B—s has showed me a clog for a woman, inlaid with thin brass wire and a little piece of looking-glass at the top of the peg.

Talking about casting oil on the troubled waters, Captain H—s says he has a certain kind of sack to hold oil and he has used it sometimes. Of course the punkahs are taken down now, but all the awning has been put up again, excepting that on the hurricane deck.

Tuesday, 23rd.—"Bull's heads" and "shovels" games are played on board; the piano has been moved from deck to companion. Nothing much to write about.

April 24th.—Cold and wet yesterday, rained nearly all day. Companion saloon full of people; it soon got very close. I wish the ayahs and babies had a nursery

to go to. Lent one of our chairs to Mrs. A—s, wife of a naval officer, pleasant young woman. Some people tried games in the saloon yesterday afternoon, clumps, etc., Spoke with a Mr. and Mrs. M—d, and Mr. M—se, an M.P. Two American ladies, who had been four months at Cairo, said that some friends of theirs, instead of remaining at that place, went on to India for two or three months, and the cost of journeying to and fro, and expenses while there, came to less than if they had remained at Cairo. Three good-natured looking, dark-eyed young girls are on board with their parents.

April 25th, 6 a.m.—I must get out of my cabin as soon as possible, glorious morning, Gibraltar rock looks very fine; we shall soon stop.

Friday, April 26th. 8 a.m.—Lovely day, a little swelly. Yesterday morning we stopped at Gibraltar, and we took Miss D—n on shore with us before seven o'clock. We engaged a guide, who, as usual, was of no good, and in some ways a bother, had a carriage for a short way, visited the market; plenty of flowers, fruit, and meat, went on to the neutral ground between Gibraltar and Spain, and saw the outsides of the galleries; they are hewn out of the rock, with holes through which guns could fire; they are not opened till ten o'clock; we bought a few things at a shop and also from a man on deck, and went into the Gardens of Ahmeyda, and saw several other gardens with a lot of flowers, amongst them arum lilies in profusion, and saw the lockpas has fruit, rather like crab apples in flavour, and date palms. I wish we could have stayed a day at Gibraltar; it is a pretty place. We called at Government House to leave note and cards on the S—ds' (Major S—d is aide-de-camp to the Governor, his wife was A. P., I was one of her bridesmaids), the man said Mrs. S—d was not up, and that Major S—d was on board; we returned to find them both there, talking to Mrs. W—r, whom they had come to see; I had not met A. for about twelve years.

Windy and sunny yesterday, saw some whales for the first time in my life.

I heard yesterday (I hope it is not true) that Government *fines* the opium den keepers in Bombay (and if there, perhaps elsewhere also), if they do not sell a certain quantity of opium in the year! Iniquitous, *can* it be true? I was also told that there is a thieves' bazaar in Bombay, where, after sundown, stolen goods are regularly and openly sold in the streets! Bombay is undoubtedly a place of variety!

I am sure this ship is not wholesome, there is a closeness in the saloon and other places.

Saturday, April 27th.—Passed yesterday Cape St. Roque, Mafra and a rocky island on left of ship. Had sports in the afternoon, egg and spoon, three legged race, and one I had not seen before, the potato race; eight potatoes are placed on each side and two people to race for them, but to bring back to "home" only one at a time. It is chilly to-day. I feel sure this boat wants sanitary inspectoring. Poor little "Johnnie," continues to go about in his dirty neglected shabbiness. They say his mother bought £16 worth of lace at Malta; it is thought she might have bought him some boots or at least some new boot laces. Mr. B—n photographed some groups this afternoon, one of the ayahs; there is much difference of countenance amongst the ayahs, one or two of these, have some very handsome ornaments. Mr. — showed me some oblong sort of shaped Japanese coins, very curious. There's a queer little couple who, they say, have quarrelled a great deal and have come on a voyage to see if they can't make it up! Oh! *I am* tired of the voyage. I have read Edna Lyall's "Won by waiting," dull, decidedly a book "that could be put in the hands of the young."

Night.—Notwithstanding the lurching of the ship, "Thyrza" and "oranges and lemons" have been played on board to-night. I joined in games of "clumps," shouting and whispering proverbs, "Simon says this," and so on.

Sunday mid-day.—Fine day but cold, much rolling of the ship, fiddles on the luncheon table, very few people ill, passengers have become seaproof, all seem cheerful, so near home now. Mr. — read me some of his diary written in India, about opium, etc., told me that a native woman, one of the opium den keepers, actually has a son at Oxford! It is horrible to think of, Government having the monopoly of this drug and making revenue from it. Of course I had heard before, to some extent, of the opium traffic, but somehow it has not come home to me before; I had not heard actual details from an eye witness.

It would be absurd to say that the English are not superior to the Indians, and an intelligent native would be amongst the first to disagree with such a modest assertion, but I do think, considering our opportunities and advantages, we ought to be better than we are. We ought to give them far more examples of moral grandeur, and our Government ought to be righteous. A conceited assumption of superiority does not make us great, and to trade on what we *think* we are is to dwell in glass houses; *to be* is the rock to dwell on. I saw the oil bag this morning slung on a rope from the ship's side, it drips drops of oil which prevent the crest of the waves breaking against the ship's side.

April 28th.—5 p.m. in. We shall anchor off Plymouth an hour or two, several people will get off: the sea is much less rough;—a coldish wind all day, very fine and bright. We can see English coast now. 9. p.m.—Cold. I have come into my cabin and wrapped myself up. Mrs. M—y, Mrs. G—d, and several others have landed, Pretty coast line. Some of the babies were held up to see their first view of England, Miss D--n's first view too. Some one from shore brought one of the American gentleman a few primroses, the first he said he had ever had. We left the dinner-table to see Eddystone Lighthouse. How lonely it looked! and as the tide was high no rock was visible; the foundation of the old one still

remains near it; it is nine miles from end of break-water:

April 29th. Midday.—I am coming now to pack. We have seen Eastbourne, Hastings, and other places. Cold day, but fine. So, here is England again, some of our passengers have not been home for many years, and one or two are, I am sure, almost trembling with suppressed excitement, at the thought of seeing their children whom they left behind long ago. First Avenue Hotel, Holborn. 10. p.m.—I can hardly believe that we are actually in the same place, whence we started five months ago. I feel dazed somehow; no turbanned men in the streets, no bullock carts, and the cry ever going on where there were carriages "Hai gari waller hai!" but there is a noise of horses' hoofs on the asphalt roads, bells of tricycles, a distant street organ and various London cries. We have had a beautiful day and I enjoyed seeing the line of English Southern coast.

The "Pekin" anchored off Gravesend and Tilbury about 6.30 o'clock; the customs' house officers came on board, and the cabin-luggage of the people who intended getting off examined, and then we got into the tender boat alongside, and steamed to the railway station, having taken tickets to Fenchurch Street; we have only just arrived at this hotel, a long business altogether. It was touching to witness some of the meetings which took place. One elderly man quite broke down, when two young men sprang on board; they were his sons, whom he had not seen since they were little boys, and there were other almost equally pathetic meetings; we could not help being present, all the people were crowding together.

April 30th. 8 a.m.—Not very cold, but rain drizzling, *not* a cheerful look-out; we did not sleep very well last night. So sorry R. must go to the docks about our heavy luggage. Streets very dingy and people too; at present the only bright looking piece of colour I have seen is a cart with carrots, quite a relief in the gloom.

May 1st.—Afternoon. Coldish. Lunched at Albe-

marle Club with C—e, and B—y, then to the Grosvenor Gallery to see E—y's picture there called "Life," very fairly well hung. Called at 2 Gower street and on the J—J's this morning. Saw in the *Queen* that Miss B. S. has died in Bombay.

Friday.—We dined on Wednesday with Mrs. F. and A. G. Yesterday we dined at 174, Cromwell road. F—d, C—e, and M.B. and C. and others have called to see us.

Sunday, May 5th.—Quarrydene.—We arrived home last Friday evening. A soft sweet day and the auriculas and daffodils are out. I hear the cuckoo, Sibille and Margaret are here for a few days.

Here ends my Indian diary.